

The SIGN



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



TWEEDLEDUM OR TWEEDLEDUMMER - John C. O'Brien

CATHOLIC EDUCATION - - - Edward V. Stanford

TOURNEY FINAL - - - E. Francis McDevitt

SIR GALAHAD - - - Albert Payson Terhune

MEXICO'S NEXT PRESIDENT - Walter M. Langford

THE YEARS AHEAD - - - Hilaire Belloc

THE DREAM OF DR. DURANT - Clifford J. Laube

SEPTEMBER, 1939

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INDEX FOR THE SIGN

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Personal MENTION

• **ALTHOUGH** the story, *Sir Galahad*, is his first contribution to *THE SIGN*, the name of ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE must be known to most of our readers. As far back as 1893, before joining the staff of the *New York Evening World*, he had made a trip on horseback through Syria and Egypt. His first novel was done in collaboration with his mother.

From that time on enjoyable books and diversified magazine articles and fiction have flowed steadily from his pen. Breeder of prize-winning collies, he is known internationally for his stories of dogs. Mr. Terhune is a resident of Pompton Lakes, N. J.

• **IMPRESSIONS** of the recent session of Congress and its 1940 implications are furnished by JOHN C. O'BRIEN. He has chosen the breath-taking title, *Republican Tweedledum or Democratic Tweedledummer?* A member of the Washington Bureau of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, he was formerly connected for ten years with the *New York Herald Tribune*. Four of those years were spent in the Capitol City. He has contributed occasionally to magazines and is the author of a recent sketch on the New York Senator, Robert Wagner, in *American Politicians*.



Caryl Roberts



Albert Payson Terhune

• **WE ARE** at last able to present a picture of the Irish writer, CARYL ROBERTS, who has entertained our readers several times. He offers this month a piece of fiction, *Released*, woven into dramatic surroundings. Another enjoyable story, *Tourney*

Final, is supplied by E. FRANCIS McDEVITT of Washington, D. C.

• **THE** glories and accomplishments of Catholic education must prove a tempting topic to anyone who is engaged in teaching our youth. FR. ED-



Fr. Edward V. Stanton, O.S.A.

WARD V. STANTON, O.S.A., has approached a more difficult but very necessary subject, *Catholic Education: Its Future*.

The author has been President of Villanova College since 1932. Tribute to his high standing in educational circles is his election to several important offices. He is Vice-President of the Association of American Colleges and of the Catholic Educational Association of Pennsylvania, as well as Chairman of the Public Relations Committee—College Sec-

tion—of the National Catholic Educational Association.

• **TOURING** through large cities and out of the way villages, FR. JOSEPH THORNING has been talking with statesmen, diplomats, soldiers, farmers and workers. He arrives at the conclusion, from this cross-section of expressed opinion, that *Europe Doesn't Want a War*. His article, however, points out the factors which may overcome the popular desire and eventually bring on the tragedy of armed conflict.

• **WALTER M. LANGFORD**, who is well acquainted with the scene by recent, personal observation, directs our attention to the political preparations now in progress for *Mexico's Next President*.

EDITORIAL

CALL OFF THE FIGHT!



THE year was 1925; the place Yungshun, Hunan—China. One small group of soldiers held the high-walled town. Another had commanding positions on the hills that crowded almost up to the city's massive gates. A few field pieces were trained on us and the rattle of rifle fire sounded the prelude of what promised to be a bloody battle.

A committee of missionaries, the magistrate and a few prominent citizens was formed. The General in town was visited and afterwards, under a flag of truce, the leader of the opposing forces. In simple, direct language the two warriors were told: "You are both making a great blunder. The time of harvest approaches. If you fight, neither of you will win. The farmers will flee and the crops will rot. Everybody concerned wants to eat. Call off the fight."

The besieging General was given a few thousand Chinese dollars and away he marched. Very simple, wasn't it? In fact the story sounds rather ridiculous to Western ears. Many would say that it would have been more honorable and manly had the two groups blasted away at each other. But there was no principle at stake, no foreign invasion—nothing for which men might care to lay down their lives. It was just a case of one General wanting to increase his power and his booty.

EUROPE's troubles and tenseness are not open to so simple a solution. Not just a sword, but all the horrors which civilized (!) nations have prepared for their enemies hangs over France, Britain, Germany, Italy and smaller countries. Strenuous efforts are being made to be prepared for any eventuality. For this reason much of the information with which the daily press supplies us is important. A single incident may open a new chapter of history.

But there is more than a strong suspicion that a great deal of the European news could be summed up with the statement: "Conditions are as uncertain and unchanged as last week—or last month." Yet the cry of "crisis" has been so dinned into our ears that we are likely to read through columns of type each morning to gather the same stories of threats, preparedness, enlarged armaments and air-raid precautions.

It is unfortunate that the quiet, industrious people of all the involved nations can't blaze across each morning's headlines their common will: "We don't want war!" Too bad that they can't raise the universal cry: "If you fight, there will be no crops. We shall

blow each other to pieces and many of us who survive the battlefields and air raids will starve."

This is the cry which is scarcely heard. This is the cry which the clamor of crisis abroad has drowned out even in our country. Congress has adjourned, legislation has been passed, money appropriated. And still, from factory fringes and foreclosed farms many of our own American people stretch out their empty hands. Men still seek jobs and women homes and children food. Government blames business, and business blasts government.

OF COURSE there is not visible the large-scale poverty which stared from every corner during the first years of the depression. Some of it has been taken care of by increased taxes and by relief. Some of it has been driven underground. There is more than a chance that the hidden sore will be in the end more dangerous than any wound.

We can get statistics, but do we see the picture? The knowledge that thousands are on relief makes less impression on us than the sight of a starving man at the kitchen door. What we need to shock us into more intelligent interest in social legislation and into more active charity is personal contact with the misery which we all hope will be wiped out.

If the corporal and spiritual works of mercy seem sufficiently interpreted for us by federal, state and municipal relief, we may be paying our taxes, but we have hardly the Christian spirit. Our Lord paid the coin of tribute, but He also lived with the poor. He does not ask of all a close imitation of His life of poverty. Neither is He likely to forgive us if we are personally disinterested in those who fare less well than we do.

These thoughts seem to lead away from the subject of war. As a matter of fact, the carrying out of the works of mercy would lead away from war itself. For this personal service to the needy, the hungry, the afflicted, would make the world conscious of that cry for bread and peace which is now so faint. In the slums of any land statesmen might learn that no diplomatic crisis is as important as are the needs of the poor.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

IN A few days the schools will reopen after the long summer vacation. The occasion is a proper one for recalling the stand of the Church on education, especially

Catholic Education Obligatory

of children. Catholic parents know, or ought to know, that they have a grave obligation to provide their children with religious and moral training. The law of the Church in this matter is found in Canon 113 of the Code of Canon Law, which reads: "Parents are under a most grave obligation to see to the religious and moral training of their children, as well as to their physical and civic education, so far as they can; and moreover to provide for their temporal well-being." This canon embodies all the duties of parents to their children.

Though Canon 1374 is emphatic about the duty of parents to send their children to Catholic schools, it also makes provision for cases where Catholic schools are not available. In such cases it belongs to the local Ordinary (Bishop) to decide when attendance in mixed schools may be permitted and what precautions must be used lest the children's faith be endangered. It should be noted that the decision in such cases belongs by law to the Ordinaries—not to the parents. Hence, where Catholic schools are available, Catholic parents are in duty bound to send their children to them, or, if they think they have a valid reason for not doing so, to present their case to the Bishop of the diocese.

The religious and moral training of their children are the most important duties of parents. This is a logical deduction from the teaching of faith, that "we are created to know, love and serve God in this world, so that we might be happy with Him in the next." A simple but profound doctrine! Hence, it is clear why the Church forbids Catholic children to attend non-Catholic and mixed schools—those open to children of all faiths and no faith. Our public schools are of the latter class. All religious teaching is rigorously excluded from them as contrary to law. The most important thing in life—religion—has no part in the formation of the child in the public school. Efforts are being made in some places to provide for the religious and moral formation of public school children outside the school during school hours, but even this expedient labors under serious imperfections. In such a scheme religion is simply an adjunct, something outside of and in no essential relation to the whole system of the child's training, whereas religion and the atmosphere which it creates should envelop the whole process.

The slogan of Catholic America should be "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school."

IN THIS day when divine faith is tragically weakened and on the way to being abandoned by so many outside the Church, with the inevitable fruit of loose morals

An Old Truth Re-Discovered

and general crime, especially in high places, it should be easy for Catholic parents to appreciate the wisdom of the Church in insisting on religious and moral training as of primary importance. Without them all other education, even of the best scientifically, is nothing but a snare and a delusion.

Many outside the Catholic Church are beginning to realize this. A paragraph in Will Durant's recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "The Crisis in Christianity," reads like an appeal by a Catholic educator. Says Dr. Durant: "In 1914 this new cult (Knowledge is power) died an early death, bombed and shelled and gassed by the god it had adored. Europe learned what the Orient had long understood—that knowledge is not enough; that knowledge and science, however noble in origin, are morally neutral in result; that they will rob and destroy and kill as readily as they will enrich and build and heal; that progress in means is a snare if there is no progress in ends; that the growth of power without the improvement of purposes is the suicide of civilization. After the war, men perceived that new inventions can make for crime as well as for luxury, and that industrial cities can breed new diseases as fast as medicine can find new cures. In 1929, men discovered that better machinery can create poverty as well as wealth; that the multiplication of production without a corresponding rise in consumption can dangerously widen the gap between the clever and the simple, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor; and that the application of science to industry without the operation of Christianity in the soul is one road to revolution."

"Moderns" are just beginning to discover this truth. We Catholics have been preaching it all along.

IN THE SAME article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "The Crisis in Christianity," Will Durant argues tellingly for the necessity of religion in our modern life. Because of

Creeds or No Creeds

the appeal which Durant's writings have with a large section of the American reading public, his declaration of faith will undoubtedly have considerable effect. In "The Dream of Dr. Durant," on Page 87 of this issue of *THE SIGN*, Mr. Clifford Laube gives an analysis of "The Crisis in Christianity" and replies to Dr. Durant.

Like so many of his contemporaries, Will Durant argues for a creedless religion. Says he: "We picture one after another of the great Christian denominations meeting in enthusiastic assemblies, redefining Christianity as sincere acceptance of the moral ideas of Christ, and inviting to their membership any person, of whatever race or theology, who is willing to receive those ideals as the test and goal of his conduct and development." The astonishing thing about it all is that our modern world does not realize that "redefining" Christianity is as much a creed as is defining Christianity. Dr. Durant writes a long defense of his creed—which is a creedless religion! To accept the "moral ideas of Christ" because we believe Him to be God seems to us much more logical than to accept them because Dr. Durant recommends that we "see visions and dream dreams."

A SUBJECT of perennial discussion found its way into the headlines again in recent months. It is the question of married women workers. Measures have been

Married Women Workers

adopted by the legislatures of two states against married women workers and were on their way towards adoption in several other states when the legislatures adjourned. Much publicity was given the action of Mayor William H. Feiker of Northampton, Mass., who demanded the resignations of working wives in city positions. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt rose to the defense of the working wives and requested the Mayor to set forth his views. The Mayor replied: "Let the working wives go back home and do their duty to God and men and the nation. How many working wives have children? A very small minority. They would rather have their jobs than have the greatest gift in the sight of God and man—a baby."

The progress of legislation and of public sentiment against married women workers was a cause of worry to members of the Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs at a meeting in July. Speakers recommended practical measures for opposing the wave of legislation that threatens to engulf the jobs of married women workers. There were evidences of the old crusading spirit that led the suffragettes to a successful conclusion of their struggle to obtain the vote for women. "The women of the United States," warned Mrs. Margaret Culkin Banning, "are approaching the second major, general fight for their own progress." If we can identify married women's jobs with "progress" then she is probably right.

DISCUSSION of the subject of married women workers often generates more heat than light, especially when those taking part have a personal interest at stake in the matter. One hears dog-

Mean Between Two Extremes

matic assertions on the one hand to the effect that no married woman should be allowed to work, and on the other that it is an indefensible invasion of the rights of married women ever to question their right to work.

Somewhere between these extremes a happy mean is to be found. To say that in all cases it is an invasion of personal liberty to deny the right of a married

woman to a job is an argument which leaves us cold. There are millions of unemployed men in this country with dependent wives and children, and their right to a job, it would seem to us, is greater than that of a married woman who is working simply to increase an income already sufficient. On the other hand, there are married women who are working because their husbands are unemployed or because their salaries are insufficient to meet necessary expenses. It is unreasonable to deny them a job.

The whole question of married women workers needs investigation. How many of them really need their jobs? How many do not? How many men would be put back to work if married women who do not have to work were retired?

Investigations could easily be made of married women workers in federal, state and city jobs. These investigations and the resultant legislation could be used as a basis for similar action regarding married women workers in other jobs.

PERHAPS the most significant action of the recent session of Congress was this body's refusal to appropriate the tremendous sum of \$4,000,000,000 which the

The End of Pump-Priming

President had originally requested for loans and other purposes. President Roosevelt was elected on a platform pledged to the reduction of Federal expenses. From the moment he took office, however, in 1933 he rejected this plank of the Democratic platform and adopted the device of priming the pump of business by means of government expenditures. The Federal government gave, lent and spent money in an effort to reduce unemployment and draw this country's business out of the slump.

The only apparent effect of government expenditures up to the present is a staggering rise in the national debt. There has been no observable effect in reviving business or reducing unemployment. The President and his New Deal followers refuse to admit the failure of this favorite New Deal restorative, although they have no reason to offer to explain why it has failed up to the present.

The significance of the refusal of Congress to adopt the President's latest pump-priming proposal is that it is a denial by that body of the efficacy of this remedy which is at the very foundation of the whole New Deal theory of recovery. Whether this attitude of Congress will continue in the next session in view of changed circumstances, especially in view of the proximity of a presidential election, only time will tell. Much will depend on what takes place in the meantime. If business slumps still further and unemployment increases, the President will put the blame on Congress for not granting him the appropriations he requested. If, however, business should pick up and unemployment decrease it will probably mark the final doom of the New Deal device of government spending as a means of recovery.

On several occasions the President has accused those in Congress who balked his legislation of "gambling" on his being wrong. Congress could with equal justice accuse the President of "gambling" in advocating the spending of huge sums of money in the hope of promoting recovery and decreasing the present huge relief burden.

HOLLYWOOD AND BROADWAY shed few tears over the passing of summer. Recession or no recession, the coming of cooler days will roll up large figures at the box

Catholic Influence on Stage and Screen

office. Movie houses and theatres will furnish the hours of entertainment and distraction which our people seek. It is an opportune time to call attention to the reviews of some of the productions of stage and screen which have been appearing in recent issues of *THE SIGN*. The task assigned to our critic is not an easy one. Most adults will have noted and regretted objectionable lines in some of the best plays. Our hope is that appraisals from Catholic sources will not only serve as a guide to our readers but will eventually have some influence on those whose talents are devoted to our entertainment.

An organization that may soon have praiseworthy and permanent effects in this sphere, is that of the Catholic Theatre. As E. Francis McDevitt, editor of its official organ and one of our contributors this month, remarks: "The movement itself is here, and to stay . . . the Catholic Theatre as a tradition, an institution, is still a goal to be achieved." Originating in Chicago in 1937, it now boasts of a surprising increase in affiliated groups. It publishes a theatre arts magazine, broadcasts recommended play lists—in preparation for a Catholic play repertoire, and conducts co-ordinated, regional Catholic stage activity.

Artistic and Catholic taste and direction will further the movement. With our own stage organizations multiplying and with large numbers of talented young men and women under expert training, we may hope for splendid achievements from this long-needed expression of Catholic culture.

AN EDITORIAL IN THE *New York Times* comments on the appointment of six prominent civilian executives to a War Resources Board for industrial mobilization of the

Blueprint for Dictatorship

United States in the event of war. Other emergency boards for trade administration, labor, publicity, finance, etc., are envisioned

as overnight necessities for co-ordinating the full strength and power of the nation against a foreign foe.

Most Americans are aware that such plans have been prepared for some time and that they are, to a high degree, of great importance for victory. Our citizens can also realize that such boards—in peace serving only in a semi-official or advisory capacity—will, in war time, function as a dictatorship. While admitting that the thought of this "blueprint for dictatorship" is unpleasant, the *Times'* writer suggests that the public should be reassured and that a study should be made of our other industrial mobilization plans.

Anything that helps to a better understanding between the nations should help towards peace. Here is a case where Americans not only admit but plan for a temporary dictatorship, while at the same time they justly protest against perpetual dictatorship in countries abroad. It might be well for us to remember, as we have written before, that foreign dictatorships were sold to the peoples of various nations on the plea of

emergency and on the basis of fear. We should be doing a service to such nations if, instead of using all our energies to prepare against a possible attack, we could arrange to break down their belief that a regimented, totally controlled, state-subordinated life is necessary even during the normal time of peace.

Of course it is wise, if we are to promote our own ideas of government, to be alert to all propaganda which would undermine our democracy. But correction of our social and economic confusion, of our faltering plans for recovery, of our internal dissension, will be far more effective sales points than any literary-phrased thesis on democracy. People are more willing to follow the man who can say: "Here it is. I have done it," than the orator who proclaims: "This is what we should do."

THERE may have been a feeling of satisfaction in both major political parties at the passing of the Hatch Bill. It seems to us, however, that the necessity of limiting

Protection by the Hatch Bill

political activities by Federal employees and of protecting from exploitation persons on relief is not so much a rebuke to either Republicans or Democrats as to all American citizens.

Neither party is composed of soulless robots, but of individual, free-willed men and women. No doubt Federal employees and persons on relief are strongly tempted to do anything that will protect their status. Such a temptation is quite understandable. For the long lines of the unemployed and the lean years of poverty loom as warnings to them to hold on tenaciously to what they have. They are all conscious that in these days of uncertainty they must not take chances nor run risks. They might bear in mind, however, that the money for both food and jobs, in these instances, comes not from any party as such but from their tax-paying fellow citizens. A man or woman who is working for the Federal Government or who is kept alive by an allowance is surely not expected to lose all interest in political affairs. But the surrender of conscience or principle is not to be condoned. If unfair pressure is brought from political sources or from those officials whom the people themselves are paying, then the case must be brought openly to the public. The popular approval of the Hatch Bill is an indication that the public will take action.

We may look on this measure, too, as a recognition that our citizens must be saved from their own weakness and that they must be given the freedom to express their political beliefs. Such a measure is not an unwarranted restriction of personal liberty. It is a further and necessary safeguard of the democracy for which all parties repeatedly express a fervent and undying reverence.

It has been remarked that there is danger in the Bill, that it may open opportunities for interested parties to bring unfair charges—with the very purpose of weeding out political opponents. Such an objection is again a challenge to our officials, to administer the measure with impartial justice. The same public which stands behind this effort to safeguard fundamental decencies in public life should see that it does not miscarry.

Republican Tweedledum or Democratic Tweedledummer?

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

THE Seventy-sixth Congress has gone home and with its going passed much of the prestige enjoyed by President Roosevelt when he was returned to office a little less than three years ago by a record-breaking vote. As matters stand now the President is in the distressing position of a ship's captain who has seen his ship imperiled by mutiny in the crew. What this presages for 1940, no one can say with certainty, but this much the President himself has made clear. He has accepted the mutiny as a challenge to his leadership of his party and he has served notice that if the mutineers obtain mastery he will follow the example

of another eminent, but by no means New Dealish, Democrat, Alfred E. Smith, and "take a walk."

"If we nominate conservative candidates, or lip-service candidates, on a straddle-bug platform," he told the Young Democratic Clubs a few days after the adjournment of Congress, "I personally, for my own self-respect and because of my long service to, and belief in democracy, will find it impossible to have any active part in such an unfortunate suicide of the old Democratic Party."

To make certain that he would be understood, the President added: "The Democratic Party will not sur-

vive as an effective force in the nation if the voters have to choose between a Republican Tweedledum and a Democratic Tweedledummer."

If this forthright utterance means what it seems to mean, then this much can be stated with certainty: There is no longer, if there ever was, any likelihood that the President will come to terms with the mutineers. There will be no yielding, no dilution of the New Deal in a striving after party harmony. The lines of battle have been formed. From now on until the convention in 1940, perhaps after that in the campaign, there will be war, with the President and the New Dealers on one side and the Garners, the Georges, the Burkes and the conservatives among the Democratic rank and file on the other. It may be, of course, that the battle will never be fought to a conclusion. The politicians on one side may give in, but the yielding side most certainly will not be the President and his New Dealers.

On one point the President did not enlighten either his supporters or his foes. He did not say whether he aspired to lead the New Deal forces as a candidate for a third term or whether he planned to conduct the battle from the side lines in behalf of a candidate of his own dictation. Either way his foes within his party will be laying for him—in the next session of Congress and in the Democratic national convention next summer.

At another place in this article, I shall attempt to show what bearing the President's defeat in the recent session of Congress may have upon the fortunes of the Democratic Party in 1940. Before doing that, however, I propose to review briefly the history of the dissension in the Democratic ranks and attempt to get at the roots of the disaffection.



Harris & Ewing Photos

Congressmen were as happy to adjourn as schoolboys going on vacation

A variety of explanations have been offered for the loss of Democratic faith in the New Deal, but as I see it, it is not necessary to look for more than one. That is the conviction of a segment of the Democratic leadership, particularly the leadership which speaks for the South and the rural western states, that the New Deal's popularity among their constituents is on the wane. If the Democrats in Congress did not believe that such was the state of opinion in their particular sections of the country, they would be whooping it up for the New Deal whether they liked it or not.

Congressmen are supposed to keep their ears to the ground, and it is now apparent that they assumed the rumblings they heard in the Congressional elections of November, 1938, were the beginnings of an uproar against the New Deal that was bound to grow louder as the months passed by. Certainly, that was the assumption of the Republicans when they found their representation in both houses increased far beyond the expectations of astute politicians in either party. And so it seemed to many Democrats, Democratic ears being no less keenly attuned to political undercurrents than Republican ears. Southern Democrats in particular thought they sensed in their part of the country a growing alarm over the mounting public debt (which now exceeds \$40,000,000,000), mistrust of the Roosevelt thesis that the country could spend its way back to prosperity, and resentment of the intrusion of the government into spheres of activity heretofore regarded as private provinces.

I do not say that the popular voice was the only voice Congress listened to. Many of the Democratic insurgents listened to their own memories, reminding them of the President's attempt to "purge" them from the party because of their opposition to his court-packing bill. Their resentment confirmed them in other misgivings about the leader of their party—misgivings about the soundness of Rooseveltian policies generally, misgivings about a third term for any President, misgivings about the propriety of surrendering their independence completely to the Executive. There was a seasoning of revenge in the sudden resolution of the Democratic rebels that

it was time to reassert themselves and show the President that the time had passed when he could have his hand-forged legislation "rubber stamped" on a moment's notice.

Repudiation of the President came chiefly on his foreign policy and his proposal to continue the pursuit of recovery by spending borrowed government funds on public works or by lending private funds, government-guaranteed as to principal, at low interest rates to public bodies and private enterprises. But there were also gestures of mistrust, falling short of outright repudiation, in the direction of many of the Administration's labor and relief policies. These, I think, were fully as significant as the rebuff on major policies, for they help to explain the sectional character of the rebellion.

In foreign policy Congress disagreed flatly with the President's position that he should have the discretion to throw the weight of this country's influence on the side of peace by making our vast resources available to the European "democracies." Specifically, he wanted Congress to permit him to name aggressors and to lift the arms embargo so that England and France, controlling the seas as they do, could buy arms and munitions in this country on a cash-and-carry basis, in the event they became entangled with the dictator axis powers.

ON THIS issue the division was close. Political considerations played but small part in the deliberations of the Democrats who joined with the Republicans in voting to retain the arms ban. Most of the President's opponents on this issue appeared to be motivated by a genuine mistrust of his argument that the preservation of peace in Europe required support of the European "democracies" by such measures as a neutrality act that would militate against the dictator nations. The prevailing sentiment in Congress was for "no meddling" in European affairs.

Sectional feeling was not a factor in the defeat of the neutrality bill, although the President's policy found rather more sympathy on the Atlantic seaboard than in other parts of the country. Sectionalism manifested itself in the action on the spending and recovery issues.

It has been said that the defeat of the Administration's \$2,860,000,000 lending bill, was a triumph of the "economy bloc" over the spenders. If this is true then the "economy" bloc, which is much smaller than supposed, must have been asleep most of the time, for the recent session appropriated more money than any Congress in the nation's history. So open-handed was this so-called "economy" Congress that it topped the President's budget by \$300,000,000, appropriating or authorizing a grand total of more than \$13,000,000,000 in expenditures.

The truth is that the defeat of the lending bill was not a rejection of spending as such; it was rather a rejection of the New Deal proposition that spending must inevitably lead to recovery. It matters not at all that there was a great deal of talk of economy and budget balancing in both houses of Congress. Much of this talk was on a par with the admonition received by Senator Josh Lee, of Oklahoma, from a constituent during the height of the lending bill debate. "Stop this blankety-blank spending," wrote Lee's constituent, "P. S. Don't cut off any of our projects." It was precisely this that most of the economy advocates meant when they cried loudly for a curb on spending.

It was not because the lending bill meant spending that it was sent down to defeat, it was because it meant spending for recovery. The arguments against it were mainly to the effect that it was merely more pump priming in disguise, no different from the pump priming that had pyramided the public debt without measurably advancing the country on the road to the President's goal of an \$80,000,000,000 national income. The bill had been put forward as a method of putting private capital to work without adding to the already staggering public debt, the argument being that the money would be all returned to the Treasury. Congress did not believe the money would come back and it did not believe it would create as many jobs as its sponsors thought it would.

"The water has gone down the pump, and nothing has come back," chided the Republican Senator, Robert A. Taft, of Ohio, expressing graphically the thought of many

Democrats. Senator Walter F. George, of Georgia, one of the survivors of the 1939 "purge," saw the specter of "state socialism" on the pages of the lending bill which would have made the government mortgagee in many businesses. A few acute minds, notably Senator Taft, suspected the proposal to lend money to municipalities and business enterprises at the rates the government pays for funds was a veiled assault on the private banking system which eventually would drive the private banks out of business and transfer the money power to the government. If that day came, he predicted, democracy as we have known it would be doomed.

And running all through the opposition debate against the lending bill was another familiar cry—that government must "stop this blankety-blank spending," stop competing with private enterprise, cut down expenditures and taxes and give business a chance to recover under its own steam.

It was this cry that sealed the doom of the lending bill. It was this cry that killed the Administration's request for an additional \$800,000,000 authorization for low-cost housing in slum areas. It was this cry that was heard when the Administration foes turned back a Townsend old-age bill, revised the corporation tax to eliminate the last vestige of the unpopular undistributed profits tax, (a so-called business deterrent), sliced \$50,000,000 from the 1939 relief deficiency appropriation, ordered 650,000 workers stricken from the relief rolls to give those who had not had eighteen months of relief wages a chance, voted \$50,000 for a House investigation of the unpopular National Labor Relations Board, denied the Treasury's request for the lifting of the \$45,000,000,000 limit on the national debt, and all but defeated the President's monetary control powers—his authority to manipulate the gold stabilization fund and alter the gold content of the dollar.

No, it was not from motives of economy that Congress kicked the Administration's legislative program into a cocked hat. A desire for economy could not have ruled the Democrats, who after voting down the lending bill, voted the farmers the largest subsidy-aid appropriations



Vice-President Garner, Speaker Bankhead and House Majority Leader Sam Rayburn

bill in the history of the country. Farm-aid appropriations mounted to more than \$1,000,000,000 before the session ended. Moreover, if the House, more rebellious than the Senate, had taken the lending bill as it emerged from the Senate, the farmers would have benefited from a lending authorization for another \$1,000,000,000. The same Senators who rejected loans for bridges and for railroad equipment, voted up sections of the lending bill which would have provided \$600,000,000 in loans to enable tenant farmers to buy their land, and another \$500,000,000 to enable the Rural Electrification Administration to bring electricity to rural areas.

What the members of Congress were watching when they voted down the lending bill and other measures bearing on recovery was not the national debt but the votes back home. If the votes cast for these various controversial measures are scrutinized closely it will appear that the revolt was not a revolt against spending. It was more truly an appraisal by the individual members of the effect of New Deal policies upon the interests of their particular sections of the country.

Congress had its ear to the ground. And that explains why the farmers were denied nothing, for a majority of the members have farmers in their districts. Experience has taught Congress never to shorten its hand to a farmer.

But the unemployed and the laboring population is not nearly so evenly distributed. They are concentrated mainly in the industrial areas. So it happened that when it came to the consideration of those phases of the New Deal legislative program which would benefit mainly the unemployed and the workers, Congress split on sectional lines. The Democrats representing the industrial districts stood out for all the measures that they thought their relief and labor constituents were for—the lending bill, the slum clearance authorization—and stoutly resisted the assault on the National Labor Relations Board and the attempt of a southern bloc to water down the fair labor standards act. They had no part in the anti-New Deal revolt in measures of this kind and opposed it.

The revolt against the economic measures drew support chiefly from the southern Democrats and their colleagues from rural sections in other parts of the country. These Democrats believed spending, relief and the Administration's efforts to uphold the hand of labor were not popular in their section of the country. Spending, other than farm-aid spending, doesn't make votes for a southern Congressman. Neither do relief appropriations or labor laws. In the South a majority of those on relief are Negroes and landless whites, who lack political potency.

So, it will be seen that the revolt

in the recent session signaled a weakening of the bonds which throughout the long history of the Democratic Party have held the industrial North and Middle-west in an unnatural alliance with the predominantly agricultural and traditionally conservative South.

The South went along reluctantly with the New Deal in the beginning, but its growing restlessness is not a new manifestation. In short, it was only on a few measures enjoying popularity in all parts of the country, that this sectional division among the Democrats did not manifest itself—on such measures as the national defense appropriation bills, aggregating nearly \$2,000,000,000, and the revision of the Social Security Act to provide for earlier and larger old-age insurance pensions.

There remains one bill passed by the recent session which drew its support not from sectional groups, but from the Republicans and from those Democrats who are determined, if they can, to deny the President the nomination for a third term and to wrest control of the Party from New Deal hands. That was the Hatch Bill, prohibiting the political exploitation of relief workers and denying federal office holders the right to be active in political campaigns. Among its supporters were many southern Democrats, of course, but it commanded the approval of all the dissidents regardless of locality.

More than any other test of anti-New Deal sentiment, the roll call on the Hatch Bill revealed the true measure of the anti-Roosevelt strength. It was an easy bill to vote for (everyone is supposed to be against "pernicious" political activities) and only the bellwether New Dealers voted against it. Designed to prevent the President from controlling the 1940 Democratic National Convention by excluding federal job-holders, who normally occupy forty per cent of the delegates' seats, the bill had the enthusiastic backing of the anti-Administration Democrats, the anti-third-termers, and the "purgees"—most assuredly the "purgees" who formed a loose stop-Roosevelt coalition under the leadership of Vice-President John Nance Garner.

There we have it, a motley group bent on stopping the President, representatives of southern and west-

ern rural districts who believe their constituents have gone sour on the New Deal, a few economy advocates genuinely alarmed over spending, the national debt and taxes, and a more numerous group vaguely mistrustful of spending as a royal road to recovery, and nearly all the Republicans—these were the mutineers who challenged the captain.

At this point it becomes pertinent to inquire what bearing this revolt will have on the fortunes of the Democrats in 1940.

It has been noted already that the President has accepted the challenge and given notice that it will be a war to the finish. Whether that means that he will seek a third term and attempt to take the Democratic Party away from the old-line politicians is a matter of speculation. Republicans and anti-Roosevelt Democrats were quick to predict that Mr. Roosevelt's defeat in Congress spelled the end of his third-term aspirations. No President who had suffered such humiliation, they declared, would fly in the face of the third-term tradition.

But these prognosticators discount Mr. Roosevelt's well-known stubbornness. The New Dealers around the White House are more than ever confident that the President will run for a third term. They report that the President does not believe Congress has rightly felt the pulse of the nation. They say he believes his popularity has not greatly diminished. But more than that, they are counting on his fighting spirit to overcome his disinclination to assume the burdens of a third campaign.

THOSE who know the President best are aware of his desire to go down in history as one of the great Presidents. They strongly doubt that he would consent to go out of office at odds with his party, with his legislative program in jeopardy, and a part of the New Deal edifice crumbling in its foundations. Rather than see a conservative administration come into power, his closest friends believe he would certainly run.

Of course, they may be wrong. It may be that Mr. Roosevelt has no more in mind than to make a fight to nominate a candidate of his own choice—to make a fight for a third term not for himself but for his

ideas for he is determined on these.

In either case, it would be a rash prophet who would say now that Congress had taken the President's measure, that he would fail if he tried for re-nomination or if he tried to nominate his own candidate.

The President himself summed up the situation a few days after Congress went home. He said the Republicans and their Democratic allies had gambled that there would be no war before next January and that industry would provide jobs in place of those his lending program would have provided.

It is true, the coalition did gamble. If war breaks out in Europe before the summer of 1940, who would say the President could not have a third term if he wanted it, for the country would not change administrations in a crisis. If, on the other hand, Europe continues at peace and this country enjoys a sustained recovery which carries over into 1940, then, in all probability, the odds would be against Mr. Roosevelt. He might not even be able to control the 1940 convention. For if business goes steadily forward and employment improves, the President would face the almost insuperable difficulty of answering the argument of his foes that it was the about-face of Congress, the repudiation of the New Deal spending philosophy that revived confidence and impelled private enterprise to go ahead.

But what if business goes into a slump? In that event, I believe the President would have the upper hand again. He would be in a position to say to the country: "I told Congress we could not count on private enterprise to take up the unemployment slack. I told Congress we needed a lending program to finance public works and industry. But Congress denied me and now Congress (meaning, of course, those who voted against him) must take the responsibility."

I say, I believe that is the way it would work out and that the country would be with the President. But, there is another view, that when the country goes to the dogs people never blame Congress, always the President. That may happen. If it does, then the choice may be between a "Republican Tweedledum" and what the President would call a "Tweedledummer."

Catholic Education: Its Future

By EDWARD V. STANFORD, O.S.A.

IN THE United States today, Catholic education is a vital, functioning reality. Ministering to the needs of more than two and one-half million students, it provides educational facilities on every level, from kindergarten to university. Spread throughout the various dioceses of the country, there are some ten thousand seven hundred educational institutions staffed by approximately eighty-five thousand teachers. In round numbers, there are 8,000 elementary schools, 2,000 high schools, 225 colleges, universities and normal schools, and 200 major and minor seminaries. The maintenance and operation of these schools alone requires an average outlay of one million dollars daily. Additional hundreds of millions of dollars are invested in land, buildings and equipment.

These figures help us to visualize the extraordinary accomplishment that is the result of perseverance and self-sacrifice on the part of bishops, priests, religious teachers and the laity of the Catholic Church in America. In very truth, we Catholics have erected a magnificent edifice, dedicated to the sound, incontrovertible principle of ancient, as well as modern pedagogy, that the education provided for youth must comprehend the whole man, body and soul, and must include intellectual, moral and religious elements. There is no doubt today that our educational position has advanced to the point where it commands the respect and admiration of all thoughtful, far-seeing people, Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

It is worthy of note

that the present favorable position of Catholic schools is not to be traced to financial encouragement from the rich philanthropic foundations. Wealthy Catholics have not been conspicuous because of their generous benefactions. The State, with its financial resources, has contributed only the minimum help that is provided indirectly through tax exemption of the physical properties of our schools. To their eternal credit, it must be said that our widespread system of Catholic schools is the fruit of quiet, persistent, self-sacrificing support from the rank and file of Catholic citizens in responding to the leadership of their bishops and priests, as well as to the devoted, consecrated service that has been contributed, without thought of material recompense, by the religious teaching congregations of priests, brothers and sisters.

Notwithstanding all our tremendous efforts and our considerable accomplishments, it is estimated that

on the elementary and high school levels we have made Catholic education possible for only half of our children. Without additional financial help, further rapid growth of our schools is impossible. As a matter of fact, the ever-rising cost of education, coupled with present economic conditions, is making very difficult the continued support and maintenance of existing schools.

Face to face with the facts, we may well ask ourselves, "What of the future?" In these days, when everyone has become tax conscious, we realize more keenly than ever that Catholics are, in effect, doubly taxed for the education of their children. They contribute generously to the support of their own schools, and by so doing, they reduce by many millions of dollars the school tax of their non-Catholic fellow-citizens. At the same time, they are paying taxes to maintain a system of non-religious schools, which, for conscience's sake, they may not patronize.

Moreover, we see the ever-expanding welfare services which the Boards of Education for tax-supported schools are bringing under their control. Free textbooks, bus transportation, meals for the under-nourished, medical and dental services are now common in state-supported schools. Are these welfare services to children to be denied to those who attend free religious schools? Are they to be an additional expense to be squeezed into the budget of the religious school? Or, are they to be provided by the state in a fair and equitable way for all children, without exception? With a few notable exceptions, a favor-



Keystone Photos

The return of students to our institutions of learning reminds us of the weighty educational problems facing American Catholics

able answer can be given only to the first two questions. Will the future make it possible to give a favorable answer to the last question?

Almost twenty-five years ago, the noted liberal, George Wharton Pepper, in a book entitled, *A Voice From the Crowd*, clearly described the problem of religious education. Although not a Catholic himself, he appraised in an understanding way the contribution of the Catholic Church to religious education, and he pointed out the ever-increasing financial burden which it must inevitably entail.

It will be of interest to quote his statement in part. "The Roman Catholic Church is the religious group which has perceived most clearly the dangers of a secularized education. Not content with protest and lamentation, these brethren of ours have undertaken protective measures for themselves and their children. As is well known, they have established a graded school system of their own throughout the country. I have heard it estimated that in these schools they are giving instruction to about 1,300,000 children. In the meantime, they are paying to the several States their full share of the taxes for the maintenance of public schools.

"In other words, the Roman Catholic community is simultaneously supporting two systems of public education. I know next to nothing about their financial resources, but it is safe to assume that before long, the time will come when such a burden can no longer be carried. When that time arrives, the question will be whether their insistence upon popular religious education will be given up, or whether a determined political effort will be made to reform our public school system. It requires little prophetic vision to foresee that it is the latter alternative that will be adopted."

The prediction of this former United States Senator has come a long way towards fulfillment in the past quarter century. Until recent years, the prevailing attitude of Catholics towards their schools might very well have been characterized as the "glad-to-be-allowed-to-live" type. Being free to build and support their own schools, while contributing their share to the support of the tax-supported schools, they were content to leave well enough alone.

They were conscious of the suspicion with which their fellow-citizens viewed their schools. They were cognizant of the charges that their schools were inferior in educational opportunities, or undemocratic or unprogressive, as compared with the tax-supported schools.

Today, we Catholics have demonstrated to ourselves, as well as to our fellow-citizens, that our schools are in no way inferior to publicly supported schools. We have been frequent witnesses of the fact that whenever our students have been in open competition with the students of tax-supported schools, they have carried off more than their proportionate share of the honors.

THAT is why a considerable body of Catholic opinion feels that relief from the burden of double taxation should be forthcoming in some form or other. This state of mind is very evident in the moves that have been made in several states, to make the so-called custodial or welfare services, such as transportation facilities, medical care and recreational facilities, now being provided for students in tax-supported schools, available to all children, irrespective of their religious belief, or of the school which they happen to attend. The long-drawn-out controversy in New York State, which attended such an effort, and which finally led to an amendment to the State Constitution in order to make such help possible, gives an indication of the difficulties that must be overcome in order that justice may prevail.

It does not help the situation to cry "bigotry" to the opposition. If there is prejudice against our schools, it is a prejudice, for the most part, born of a lack of knowledge and understanding. If our fellow-citizens of other faiths had religious primary and secondary schools of their own, the problem of equalizing the tax burden in religious education would be solved very quickly.

I make this statement advisedly, basing it upon intimate knowledge of what is taking place in religious education on the college level. Most of the Protestant denominations are very active in the field of Christian higher education. It can be conservatively stated that for every Catholic college in the United States, there are two Protestant colleges.

In recent years, there has been a rebirth of religious spirit in these colleges. They have banded themselves together in promoting Christian higher education.

Thus, if the Federal Government is to make financial assistance available to needy students in State Institutions, they believe as a matter of principle that this assistance should be extended to all needy students, whether they attend State colleges, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or Catholic colleges. If the State is providing scholarship assistance to worthy graduates of high school, they believe that a student holding such a scholarship should be privileged to use it in any recognized college, whether it be Catholic, Lutheran, or non-Sectarian. Thus, in religious higher education, our Protestant colleges see little harm or danger in this indirect assistance from tax funds.

Our Protestant educators on the college level see eye to eye with us also in the general purposes and ideals of Christian education. To make clear my point, I shall quote two brief paragraphs from an editorial in *Christian Education*, a Journal of Higher Education, published by the Council of Church Boards of Education. This agency is to Protestant colleges what the National Catholic Educational Association is to Catholic colleges. The editorial says, in part:

By our separation of Church and State, state universities, colleges and normal schools are legally restrained from teaching Christianity. Students are young, inexperienced, away from home, and making life decisions. Some professors shake the faith of students by agnosticism and skepticism. Students become the leaders of the State, the School and the Church. They must be Christ's men and women. They need Christ and the Church.

As for the Church college, the editorial says:

It believes in a personal God, a divine Christ, an immortal soul, and an imperative duty. It believes that any course of study is defective which fails to give place to the truths of Christianity. Its faculty is composed of

scholarly Christian men and women. Its students are taught to live economically, to think clearly and to act nobly. Its product is the well-trained, cultured Christian man and woman. (*Christian Education*, Vol. XX, No. 4, April 1937, published by the Council of Church Boards of Education, Washington, D. C.)

To the Catholic, it would seem that these statements apply with equal, if not greater force, as arguments favoring Christian primary and secondary schools. Here is a fertile field for Catholic Action, gradually to bring our non-Catholic friends around to see this necessity for Christian elementary and high schools, and thus to persuade them to co-operate with us in preserving and extending our own schools. In this way, possibly, they can build up their courage to re-establish their own schools which flourished in this country before the establishment of widespread tax-supported schools.

What can we Catholics do to further the cause of "complete" education? How can we assist others to share our conviction that "as religion and morality are essential to right living and to the public welfare, both should be included in the work of education"? (From the Bishops' Pastoral, given at Washington, D. C., September 26, 1919.) Certainly we must have the desire to acquaint more fully our non-Catholic neighbors with the ideals and purposes of our Catholic schools. We must do everything possible to improve our schools and loyally support and patronize them. We must make an intelligent effort to remove misunderstandings about our schools wherever we find them, and above all, we must exercise the virtue of patience in trying sympathetically to understand the reasons for non-Catholic opposition to our requests.

I daresay that Catholics yield place to no other group in opposing a union of Church and State in America. But, their convictions on this subject have never reached the stage of a "phobia" that would interfere with calm and reasoned thinking.

It is this phobia on the union of Church and State that has clouded the issue of securing welfare services for the children in our Catholic public schools. In making available to our children, on equal terms with

other children, tax-provided bus transportation, or tax-provided medical care, or tax-provided lunches, we see aid given directly to the individual child, not to the religious school. To our way of thinking, to provide such services out of public funds is no more an entering wedge for a union of Church and State than is the use, by our children, of tax-provided streets and sidewalks



and the enjoyment of police protection at the street crossing on their way to a Catholic school. It is no more state support of religion than the use of a city's water supply or the services of a city's fire department to protect life and property in a parochial school.

Another unreasoning fear is that of a government monopoly of education with all its attendant dangers, if tax support is extended to all schools. This I consider to be a far more realistic danger than the fear of union of Church and State. However, a democratic people should be able to work out this problem.

The late Honorable Bird S. Coler, a Methodist layman of New York City, presented what must have been a daring proposal, some twenty-five years ago. It is to be found in his book entitled, *Two and Two Make Four*. He was concerned about Agnostic and Socialistic teachings making inroads upon the public schools.

He tells us that "the relationship of the godless school to the growing viciousness among our people did not come to him as a religious man." Rather, it was "as a practical man, a public official administering a municipal office."

His solution of the problem I prefer to present in his own words. "It is proposed to make the education of each child, by whomsoever, the unit basis for the expenditure of funds raised for school purposes. It is proposed that if a Church furnish education sufficient to enable a child to pass a state examination, then the state shall pay that Church for the work done, whether that Church be Protestant or Catholic or Hebrew. It is proposed to pay any non-religious organization in the same way and upon the same basis.

"In these payments, nothing whatever is to be allowed for sectarian or proselytizing instruction. It is merely, in the case of Church, the hiring of God-believing forces to do secular work. It is allowing the plain people to send their children to authoritative moral schools if they so desire, by the state devoting that part of their wages to the secular support of such schools which they themselves would naturally employ for that purpose, were not their revenue reduced by state school taxation. It is allowing the parents to bring up their children in the faith of their fathers without compelling them to submit to double school taxation as a penalty for so doing. . . . It is the only plan possible, it seems to me, in a state whose mighty population is divided into many creeds. It is unjust to no denomination; it would give light and latitude for the growth of all denominations."

I do not say that I accept Mr. Coler's proposal as it stands. I quote it because it is very interesting to me, proposed as it was, a quarter of a century ago, by a non-Catholic.

Time alone will prove whether or not the traditional American sense of justice and fair play will find a way to help conscientious parents to care for the religious and moral education of their children without the necessity of being subjected to the burden of double taxation. In the meantime, Catholic parents will carry on, making greater sacrifices, if necessary, to provide a Christian education for their children.



Spencer ran wild, volleying daringly, smashing cruelly, driving screaming kills that sprayed the lines with gusty plumes of time

DWIGHT SPENCER gripped his racket, sharply bounced the clean fuzzy ball on the short-cropped grass, and stared across the net—at the man he hated.

A blurred white figure, Bill Jarvis, stood waiting, calmly, motionlessly, for the service that would begin the final set. The gallery's silence was drum-tight, like the match itself at two games all. Toeing the base line for his service, Spencer wondered if these onlookers sensed the aching pressure of his animosity for Jarvis, relieved the past two hours only by lethal forehand drives and slashing razor-like volleys. No, theirs was a pleasurable tenseness, a delicious ignorance as to the outcome of a close national championship match. His the painful certainty that his opponent had already beaten him.

Spencer raised his racket, turned his head. Why didn't Jarvis look, too, up there in the shade of the marquee? There was his trophy—the one in powder blue and yellow. Spencer went cold on seeing Nadine's face blended in the shadow of her hat brim. His eyes swung back to Jarvis. Handsome couple. Always did look well together. His fingers bit into the ball. Together. His wife and Bill Jarvis together!

"Play!"

The referee's voice was a new summons to all the pent-up devils clamoring within Spencer. Again his

head turned toward the marquee. Now she was looking the other way, at the other man in the match—and in his life.

The first game was Spencer's, quickly, decisively won. His shots were sizzling flashes crackling in Jarvis' face with all the heat of his will to win in every stroke. Never had he coveted victory as now.

Spencer took the next two games in a frenzy of tennis miracles. Changing courts his eyes sought

the marquee, saw only two persons in a fleeting glance, Travis, the *Star's* tennis expert—and Nadine. Nadine openly frowning.

Spencer's grin was frozen bitterness. "Mustn't be discouraged, Nadine. The match isn't over yet. If you don't believe me, why don't you talk to Travis? He started the odds of four to one on Jarvis in gambler's row. That should make you smile, Nadine. See, Travis isn't scowling—"

Spencer whacked Jarvis' service backhand. Had it gone out? Swinging about he saw Nadine smile. A moment later the lineman called "Out."

Now Jarvis was bent over in that crouch of his. Again Spencer saw a tiger stalking, stalking something he loved, and prized. Last night he sprang, clutched his quarry, in the darkness of the palm-ambush on the sun-porch of the Glassy Rock Club. And what an easy victim Nadine was! Their words, overheard, were hotly throbbing in Spencer's brain. "Bill, be a darling and win tomorrow. You must."

"Does it mean so much to you?"

"Yes."

"Dwight'll be very angry when he learns, won't he?"

"I suppose so. But it can't be helped. I'll risk that for the sake of our happiness."

"I think you'd better wait until

leading, three games to two, final set."

Blindly Spencer raised his arm for the sixth game. His racket was weighty, blowless. Was this man who had stripped him of Nadine, now to steal his championship? And as easily, as quietly?

He swung at Jarvis' service. The ball rocketed to a distant corner, struck, sped on untouched. Spencer flushed. Not easily, not quietly—not at all! Shot after shot he sank into the turf beyond Jarvis' desperate reach. He lost track of points, knowing only that he was scaling the heights again. He could hear Jarvis' panting and the rapid padding of his feet pounding to the far areas of the court. Spencer ran wild, volley-

But how little he cared. Among them, in the twilight under the marquee, was a still figure, beginning to smile. And the smile he couldn't see was already victory—

Through the canopied marquee Spencer walked, alone, stonily. His head bobbed mechanically at the greetings and condolences flung at him from all sides. Nadine wasn't one of them. Her seat was empty.

He kept his back to the court. He feared the sight of Nadine clutching Jarvis' arm, beaming up into his face, already possessing the gift he, her husband, had bestowed.

And then, at the players' door, a hand was gently laid upon his arm—"Nadine!"

Her small red mouth curved into

Tourney Final

E. Francis M'Devitt

after the match is over to tell him."

"Oh, yes, it wouldn't be fair to unnerve him and spoil his game—"

High over Spencer's head sailed Jarvis' return lob.

"Game, Mr. Spencer. Mr. Spencer leading four to love, final set."

Somehow Spencer didn't want to see Nadine's face now. Her head was bowed and he pictured the smooth forehead puckered under the wide-brimmed hat. Sighting the droop of her shoulders, he felt suddenly empty, divested of the fire that had been roaring within him.

Only once before, he remembered, Nadine's limpid eyes pulsed with shadows like now, the restless light of a cloud-broken day. That was when she wanted the large house in exclusive Kenwood Park with its garden and lily pond and background of forest. Studying his bank-book he refused. And then the clouds. Her smile was sunshine again as she placed her own bank-book in his hands. "Between us we can buy the house, Dwight darling. Oh, please say yes!" But no. Her funds were her nestegg.

"Game, Mr. Jarvis. Mr. Spencer

ing daringly, smashing cruelly, driving screaming kills that sprayed the lines with gusty plumes of lime.

"Game, Mr. Spencer. Mr. Spencer leading, five to two, final set."

That referee! They knew the score up there. Nadine knew. Can't you see that? She's scowling and biting her lip—

The ball plummeted down from his hand. He was looking up, full into the eyes of Nadine. They were soft eyes, pleading with him, coaxing him.

Instantly, nothing seemed important but to erase the hurt he had put in her eyes.

Spencer served. Swaying wearily, Jarvis stabbed at the looping floating sphere, topped it weakly into the net. Spencer's voice escaped and he found himself shouting out: "Come on, Bill! She wants you to win! You must win!"

He lifted Jarvis' anemic return into a lob well beyond the base line. "Your point, Bill! Good boy."

And there were more. Three games of them. The gallery rippled. "Spencer's game has collapsed completely," he knew they were saying.

a smile. "I've put off seeing you," she said, adding: "I didn't want you to see me so gay."

Spencer felt strangely calm. "I quite understand," he murmured. "You have what you've wanted. Why shouldn't you be gay?"

"Of course."

She made as if to continue, but he broke in:

"There'll be no trouble about it. You needn't tell me. I know."

"You know?" Nadine stared.

"I know how pleased you are over my defeat."

Nadine's arms were suddenly about Spencer's neck, her lips on his.

"Pleased," she cried. "I'm deliriously happy." She gripped him more tightly, kissed him again. "Now we can have the house in Kenwood Park and the garden and lily pond—and woods, darling."

He was whipped about in a whirlpool of bewilderment. "The—the house—"

"Yes. All that we've wanted so long. Now, don't be angry. I cleaned out my bank account and put everything I had on Bill—at four to one."

AFTER a survey of conditions in Europe, extending from the Black Sea to the English Channel, one can report that the people of Europe are passionately attached to peace. Nowhere among the masses is there the slightest sentiment for an appeal to arms.

Standing in the principal square of Sarajevo, where the shot rang out that girdled the globe, my companion, Dr. John A. Weidinger, and myself heard one of the eye-witnesses of the tragedy which took the lives of the Archduke Ferdinand and his spouse discourse upon the futility of strife. This Serb, now a white-haired war veteran, whose right leg was shattered in the retreat to Corfu, declared in no uncertain terms:

"You know that Austria and Serbia are blamed for the outbreak of the World War. Perhaps we in Bosnia and Herzegovina furnished the occasion of conflict; but the real causes were the commercial ambitions of Germany and Britain. They both used our land as a battlefield. Our capital, Belgrade, was devastated more ruthlessly than any European city except Ypres. The countryside was literally drenched with blood. Today, we are determined not to be jockeyed into a position where the Great Powers will feel inclined either to step into our affairs or to enlist us on one side or other."

Throughout Yugoslavia this attitude is quite general. Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, although about as congenial as English, Scotch and Irish, are thoroughly agreed upon the desirability of a seat in the grandstand for the next war games. They are perfectly willing to buy and sell with the Axis powers as well as with the French and British Empires. They hope to be able to continue this traffic peacefully, even if other nations resort to force.

Incidentally, the Serbs are not convinced that Italy will take the field in a war that would involve Danzig alone. One of the Yugoslav ranking generals, a member of the General Staff, confided these reflections to me:

"The Rome-Berlin axis is a ramrod, not a Big Bertha. It is a military alliance elaborated for the time of peace. It will go through all the gestures of loading and aiming the guns; it will not essay to pull the trigger. Army maneuvers, air exer-



Italian flame-throwers demonstrate a newly developed weapon of destruction

Europe Doesn't

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

cises, staff conversations and stiff oratory are all within the gambit of Axis stagecraft. Italy walked out on the Triple Alliance; she will walk out again. That means we will not be menaced from the Adriatic and can maintain our sea routes intact."

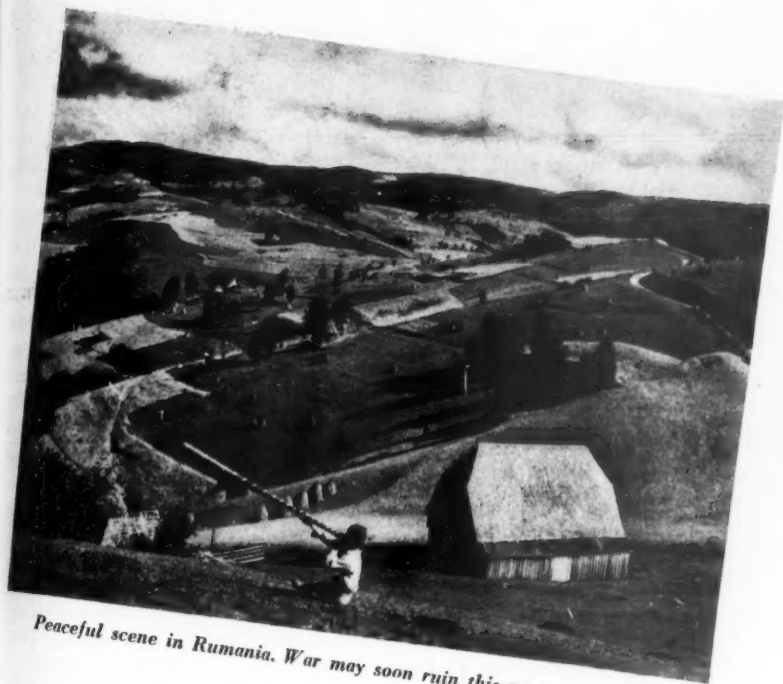
Other commentaries were not quite so optimistic. For example, in Zagreb, where German trade inroads have been heavy, a French merchant asserted:

"The Yugoslavs want neutrality. That is understandable enough. But suppose the Berlin-Rome Axis applied sudden pressure in Belgrade. At first, the weapons flourished would be economic. If the Axis trade were abruptly discontinued, it would bring about the collapse of Yugoslavia's market for agricultural produce. Tax revenues would automatically fall and then who would pay the military and police? A display of armed might by Germany and Italy would do the rest. Albania is a dagger aimed at the heart of Yugoslavia, while in the north Slovenia is already a hot-bed of Nazi agitation,

ready to open its doors to the invader. Youth organizations have been detected in pseudo-training in Ljubljana. And if the Germans ever reached Nish they would not be stopped short of the Dardanelles!"

The gravest element of danger in the South Slav State is Serb-Croat disunity. At the moment their only basis of alliance is a charming Slav *insouciance*. As the Balkan correspondent of *The Times* (London) remarked, "the chief difference between Croat and Serb is that the Croat is ten minutes late while the Serb turns up ten minutes later still." Intrigue and administrative incapacity complete the picture in Belgrade. An effective will to keep Yugoslavia at peace postulates a realistic approach to the problem of national unity.

In Bulgaria and Rumania the majority of farmers and workers are agreed that war would interrupt the season of relative prosperity that has followed upon the disastrous drop in farm prices that occurred between 1930 and 1934. These people are just



Peaceful scene in Rumania. War may soon ruin this peace and beauty

Want A War

emerging from the clutches of debt; a few are able to improve their land and purchase a few badly needed tools.

In Germany a similar attitude prevailed. Contrary to the general impression, the people are not war-minded. They are just beginning to find their self-respect after years of national humiliation. They distrust war as the root-cause of economic misery and the present totalitarian dictatorship. Even army officers betray a deep anxiety that power politics may plunge the nation into war.

The dominant impression which the Germans of middle-age retain of the years from 1914 to 1918 is that of starvation. This was graphically brought home to me by the wife of an American diplomat in Berlin. She said:

"In the best society of Germany today you still meet people who relate without embarrassment, but with a vivid sense of detail, their purloining of morsels of bread or cheese from the tables on which were spread diplomatic dinners in 1917-18-19. Sizable parcels of fruit

and nuts were secreted in the folds of a dress to be brought home to children who tossed sleepless in their cribs for want of nourishment.

"Young Nazis may sometimes talk as if they would revel in banquets served in the domain of the imagination, but the average solid burgher and his wife are intent upon a fat cupboard, even if it does not at present contain whipped cream, butter or rounds of beef. There is an abundance of plain, wholesome food in the Reich which might not be there, if the British and French fleets undertook another blockade of the narrow seas. A man who re-learns the delightful art of eating is not eager to forget the years of famine. That is why I believe public opinion in Germany would be indescribably shocked by the impact of war."

In France expressions of deep-seated devotion to peace ideals are frequent. The easily excitable Gaul is calm, cheerful, philosophic in the present crisis. "Patience" is the watchword of politicians and voters. Even the press is showing an extraordinary restraint both in headlines

and news articles, which are less editorialized than a year ago. There is no polemic against the Germans, just as in Germany there was no newspaper war upon the French. German visitors to Paris have been treated with traditional courtesy.

On the whole it would be correct to say that there is much more tension in the United States about war-like eventualities in Europe than there is anywhere between Danzig and Trieste. It may be the lull before the storm, or perhaps the spirit of quiet resignation which accepts the inevitable in the realization that war is endemic on the Continent. If the zero hour has struck the French and Poles, British and Germans, Italians and Slavs are singularly unmindful of their fate. They don't act or speak as if mobilization is just around the corner, although they may wake up any morning to find it is an accomplished fact.

As these words are written, Hitler has two million men under arms. Britain has called up her reserves for early Summer naval maneuvers. The Poles claim they have a string of batteries in the Corridor that would make mince-meat of the Danzigers should the Senate of the Free City make a simple announcement from the *Rathaus* that Danzig belongs to the Reich. Military dictatorships rule the Balkans: Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece and Turkey. Military alliances, old and new, are in the crucible. The munitions bill and the profit from war industries stagger the imagination. Records for the manufacture of machine guns, bombing planes and warships are being established daily.

The people want peace, while their governments do all in their power to make war inevitable. If the will of the rank-and-file body of citizens is translatable into action there will be no war; if the political ambitions of leaders, whether elected or self-imposed, are to prevail, then the current hour is only a pause between crisis and catastrophe.

The men who march to the front-line trenches should have the right to bring the politicians into No Man's Land. It is my private opinion that this action would work a miracle more spectacular than that of changing water into wine—or geese into swans. It would make politicians statesmen! And satisfy the aspirations of the common man.

THERE was one car for hire in all Hampton; a wheezy and dingy and uncertain-tempered machine of ancient vintage. It contrasted with the village's other cars as might a tramp with the winners of a Fashion Parade. It belonged to Axel Thorje. If Axel drove the alleged car for a passenger, the rates were two dollars and fifty cents an hour. If the temporary lessee drove it himself, the toll was a dollar an hour, plus oil and gas.

When Roy Thacker used the antique car, he drove it himself.

When he drove it, he took Maida Barham along—at such times as he could induce her to go, and when some swain in a self-owned and shinier car had not pre-empted her companionship. To Roy Thacker it did not make sense that the average girl of his acquaintance seemed to judge men by the quality of their cars rather than by inherent traits.

For instance, Maida Barham was the One Girl in all the world. When he should be able to afford a wife, Roy meant to tell her so, whatever her answer might be. Yet he had a queer feeling that a loyalty to their long friendship, rather than any real pleasure, made her accept his invitations for drives through the back country dusk in Axel's clankingly disreputable car; and that she sat with a certain conscious, happy pride in McGrath's two-thousand-dollar machine, or in Gavin Pryce's trig racer—a pride that was lacking when she drove with Roy.

On his low salary at the local creamery, Thacker could not see the wisdom of parting with a goodly slice of his hoarded savings for the purchase of a new car. Nor could he see the economic soundness of buying one on installments.

As a compromise, two years earlier, he had begun to lay aside his

overtime pay toward the purchase of a roadster. During part of the year there was no overtime at the creamery. But for a few rush months there was work at "time and a half" for any man who chose to supplement his eight-hour day by four hours of night toil.

Slowly the car's price accumulated; but so much more slowly than Thacker's ambitions for it that he jumped eagerly at a book-balancing night job during the winter and spring months at the Galvanized Rubber Works in the next town. True, this kept him away from Maida every evening except Sunday—and she developed a vexing way of having other callers on these Sunday evenings. But it rolled up his car fund with gratifying speed.

At last—a long and tiring last—the car's price was laid by. This without prejudice to the share of weekly salary which must go to fatten his savings account. True, the night-and-day work left him oddly dull and tired by the time Sunday came around. But he had youth to draw on, with all its glorious reserves of energy. So he came through the ordeal with only a little loss of flesh and a brace of dark hollows under his eyes.

And he could now say farewell to Axel Thorje's hideous and antediluvian perambulatory ark. He could take Maida to drive through the fragrant summer dusk in a car she need not be ashamed to be seen in. It was the Big Moment of Roy Thacker's life when he made that complete payment and drove the wonder-car out of the Paterson dealer's garage and toward Hampton.

He was minded to make an occasion of it. Wherefore, he had taken the whole Saturday afternoon off and had gained Maida's consent to go driving with him for an hour or

two just before sunset that evening.

The new roadster gleamed like the armor of some medieval knight as it sped smoothly over the nine-mile stretch of concrete road from Paterson to Hampton. Its strong new engine sang softly to itself, a song of conscious power.

Into the mile of surfaced back road between the state highway and Maida Barham's home turned Thacker. This double work he had been doing had not pulled him down so very much after all. Perhaps he could keep it up indefinitely. If so, he would be drawing weekly pay on which any lad of his age could marry. If only he could make Maida see it that way. . . .

Roy's ideas on marriage were on a par with his notions as to car-buying. He could not bring himself to the point of going to his sweetheart and saying to her: "I'm not making a marrying salary. I love you. Will you be engaged to me, for perhaps two or three years, and give up better chances, on the bare possibility that some day I'll make enough to marry on?" To him, the notion seemed as unsportsmanlike and as unsafe as buying a brand-new car without the ready cash to pay for it. But now. . . .

Up the slope of a hill purred the roadster, ignoring the tug of the acclivity, rejoicing in its own sure strength. Then came the summit, and the half-mile level stretch at whose end he could see the Barham house. Bit by bit, Roy let out the speed. He was minded to arrive snappily and smartly at Maida's door even as he had seen more fortunate youths drive up to it in their installment cars.

A furlong ahead, a woman was trudging stolidly along the roadside ahead of him. Squat she was, and built for endurance rather than for





Maida Barham was the One Girl in all the world. When he could afford a wife, Roy meant to tell her so

speed. Her age was uncertain, despite the rakishly gay red hat which crowned her graying hair. Her whole appearance had a home-made aspect bespeaking bad team-work in the assembling of it. Her clothes were lumpily dowdy.

Well did Thacker know old Miss Vandercook by sight. Often he had passed her thus on the road, as she returned to her summer bungalow from one of her afternoon walks. She was an artist or a writer or some such freak, summering at Hampton, encouraging no acquaintanceships, and wearing rough-and-ready garments which Hampton women would have scorned to be seen in.

Well, for once the old dame should behold him in a car worthy of anyone's notice, not trudging dustily along on foot or propelling Thorje's abhorrent antique. The thought gave Thacker a mild thrill of pleasure. He stepped lightly on the gas. Obedient, the new roadster quickened its smooth pace.

Another acquaintance was coming into sight. Someone Roy knew far better, if even less pleasantly. From out an opening in bush-bordered pasture bars, a man was emerging at the heels of a drove of cattle. He was Lem Hannot, a lifelong neighbor of Roy's; a rich and parsimonious farmer who vied with one or two

others of his kind for the historic title of "the meanest cuss in this county." He was convoying his cattle from their daily pasturage to his farmyard, a quarter-mile beyond.

Thacker slowed his machine. By experience he knew the erratic ways of cattle on a back road and their blind propensity to swing across the right-of-way, directly in face of an approaching car. It would be safer to wait, with what patience he might be able to command, until they should have passed by him. He did not care to incur a possible damage suit from the litigation-loving Hannot, by grazing one of the cow's flanks with his mud-guard. Especially while his car still was uninsured. By this time Monday, the insurance papers for the new roadster would be made out and the premium paid—the papers which would indemnify him against property damage as well as against fire and theft. Until then, he must move with some wariness.

As he drew almost to a standstill at the road edge, one of the cattle lowed. The sound was short and truculent, the warning of an angry bull. Roy Thacker was too much of a country boy not to recognize it.

From the plodding herd, the bull lurched forward. He was a Holstein, something over a ton in weight, the basic white of his coat splotted

with harlequin patches of black. His horns were thick and dingy.

Out of the patiently moving ruck of cows he trotted, in mid-road, snorting raucously as he emerged. It had been a trying day for the bull's murderous temper. The June flies had been intolerably torturing. An early drought had dried the pasture water hole where he was wont to wallow and to drink. He was parched with thirst.

As he came crankily out of the pasture, his near-sighted eyes focused on a splash of irritating scarlet—the rakish hat of old Miss Vandercook at the roadside, a hundred yards ahead of him. The bull gave evidence of his fast-increasing fury by that first short roar and then by snorting. The offensive red hat did not vanish at his defiance. Indeed, as the sun's rays slanted athwart it, it flared with more and more maddening provocation.

Wholly unaware that she was the cause of the piebald giant's rage, Miss Vandercook continued to move slowly toward the advancing herd, giving them the whole byway to pass her in, but advancing steadily. She was not one of those timorous city women who are afraid of cows. Stolidly she maintained her pace, the fiery hat nodding in deadly affront of the Holstein at every on-

ward step she took in his direction.

The Holstein lowered his head, pawing the roadway. Lem Hannoth did not see the menacing gesture. He was busy driving back into formation a heifer which had tried to bolt through a fence gap into a wheat field on the far side of the ditch. But Thacker saw; and he understood.

He was perhaps a hundred yards away from the bull. Midway between them Miss Vandercook clumped along, her red hat bobbing. Roy shouted to her to climb the nearby fence. She heard the voice, but the fresh afternoon breeze drowned the words themselves. She turned and frowned slightly, in reproof, at the forward motorist who, presumably, was yelling and gesticulating to her to get out of his way. Then, primly, she turned back toward the unguessed peril and continued her stroll into the face of impending death.

Measuring his distance and shutting his bloodshot eyes, the great Holstein charged.

With express-train speed he thundered toward the on-moving woman. His dull brain was afire with the zest of tossing her high in the air and then goring and trampling her collapsed body into a pulp. He tore furiously forward upon his murder-mission, with head down and tail aloft, his horrible horns all but raking the road. His hoofs drummed a deafening tattoo on the hard road-bed.

Miss Vandercook saw at last—saw and understood. With a bird-like screech she halted, paralyzed and gasping, midway in the on-thundering monster's path.

The new roadster had been crawling at snail-pace. Now, under the impact of Thacker's toe, it leaped forward like a living thing. Over the intervening rods of roadway it flew, at a speed to which no brand-new car should be forced. Straight at the charging bull it dashed.

At the wheel crouched Roy Thacker, his face bone-white and set in a mask. But his brain was strangely cool. In that second or two of premeditatedly suicidal flight, he found himself saying, wordlessly, with an entire calm:

"Certain smash. . . . Not insured. . . . All for an old hen in a flapper hat. . . . Why in blazes didn't I take the other road? . . . Car gone. . . .

Overtime work gone for nothing. . . . But—Lord, there's nothing else to do!—Will the windshield glass blind me?"

Past the fear-palsied Miss Vandercook flashed the lightning-swift roadster, held true in the center of the byway and strained to every last atom of speed.

Down the road, unseeingly, to meet it, dashed the bull, on his way to the slaughter of the offensive red hat's wearer. Two flying bulks, weighing a ton or more, were headed for each other at top pace.

Miss Vandercook saw the roadster blur past her; and she caught a fractional glimpse of the driver's face. Then, through her trance of horror, she realized what Thacker was doing. Not thirty feet beyond the panic-scourged woman, the car and the bull came together, head on.

Together in mid-road crashed the speeding giants.

Instinctively, Roy Thacker shut his eyes and bent his head, and braced his lithe body, a moment before the head-on collision.

Then some invisible force wafted him aloft, through a rain of glass-flinders, high in the air. Tiring of the tossing prank, the same mischief force deposited him in the exact center of a thick clump of witch-elm bushes and wild blackberries at the edge of the road.

ROY crouched there, for a moment, dazed and sick, while the twigs and briars which had broken his fall revenged themselves for their kindness by ripping his best suit to rags and excoriating his flesh. From his face and head trickled tiny wisps of blood, as tokens of divers glass scratches.

The world was slowly ceasing to evolve in a drunken ellipse; and breath began to seep back to his tormented lungs. He was at once numb and sore and aching. By a violent effort of memory he recalled what had happened. His gaze strayed vaguely to the road.

The Holstein lay huddled in a position which nature neither provides for nor permits. His giant head was twisted at an impossible angle from the inert bulk of his body. He had quivered all over, for a second or so. But now he was very still.

Just in front of the dead bull, the road was strewn with what looked like the entire dumped contents of

three machine shops. It was inconceivable that one small car could have been made up of so many scattered and twisted and useless component parts. The new roadster had gone forever out of existence. Here was no job for a wrecking crew, but for the junkman.

Above the dual wreckage stood Miss Vandercook babbling to herself, her old eyes wide, her mouth ajar. Above the bull danced and swore and threatened Lem Hannoth.

Miss Vandercook's blank visage turned slowly and wonderingly toward the copse in whose center squatted Thacker. Then, with spinsterly modesty, she averted her eyes.

A single downward glance at his own rent clothing told Roy the reason for her reversed look. His clothes hung in tatters; some of them from his body, some from the spike-twigs of the copse which had saved him from a fatal tumble. Wriggling free of the clinging thorns, Roy limped hastily to the cover of the pasture bushes, and thence to the friendly shelter of nearby woods. Deaf was he to Lem Hannoth's bawled imprecations. His only desire was to get out of sight and to reach his own room after nightfall—his room, where he could replace his revelatory and scanty rags with more decorous clothing.

At daybreak, Roy Thacker awoke from a merry dream of being kicked by a whole stableful of army mules. He lay for several minutes trying to collect his thoughts and his memories. His muscular young body was one multiple ache.

What a double-dyed jackass he had made of himself! And what had he gained thereby? True, he had saved a lumpy and elderly and uninspiring woman from a peculiarly repulsive form of death. But in doing it, he had destroyed the car whose purchase money represented years of overtime work and loss of sleep and absence from Maida Barham.

He had broken his appointment to take Maida driving. He had ruined his first and last and only chance of impressing her with his beautiful car. Years must pass now before he could hope to hoard enough overtime money to buy a second roadster. Meanwhile, those other chaps would continue to hold the inside track with Maida, by dint of their shining cars.

Worse—he had made himself ridiculous, no doubt, in her eyes, as in everyone's, by his smash-up and by his quixotism in jeopardizing his life and losing his car for the sake of a red-hatted frump. If he had dashed, on foot, to the rescue of some pretty girl, now! But to have tilted at a Holstein bull, in an automobile to stave off death from that absurd old woman! Why, he would be the laugh of the county! A woman can endure to see a man martyred, for whatever cause; and can love him for it. But where is the woman who can keep on liking a man whom everyone is laughing at?

Slowly and gruntingly Roy Thacker got into his next best suit and went forth to breakfast. The day was Sunday. Plenty of time to think and to want to kick himself. Plenty of time to keep away from Maida. Plenty of time to dodge the grins and furtive nudges of his acquaintances.

Almost at the entrance to the rooming-house where he lived, he

met Miss Vandercook. Imperiously she stopped him as he would have strode glumly past her.

"Young man," she hailed him, in magisterial sternness and without further salutation, "I have been making inquiries about you. I was on my way to see you. I want to ask you a question: When you hit that bull, yesterday, didn't you know it would demolish your car?"

"Yes," he growled. "Of course I did. You can't drive a light roadster into a two-thousand-pound charging bull without nicking it somewhere."

He made as though to pass on. But she would not have it so.

"Then why did you do such a mad thing?" she demanded.

"Because I was a wall-eyed fool," he made sour answer. "And so that you could be alive today to ask me such a fool question."

He hurried on, leaving her in the middle of another query. He made his way to his boarding-house by back alleys; and thence to his room by the same routes.

Next morning, he reported as usual for duty at the creamery. At the entrance to the creamery he was accosted by a spruce little man—the local lawyer's clerk.

"Papers in a two-thousand-dollar damage suit Mr. Lemuel Hannot has just instructed us to bring

against you for the willful slaughter of his prize Holstein bull."

"Prize Holstein bull?" raged Thacker. "The brute was a three-quarter breed, at best. Besides, he—"

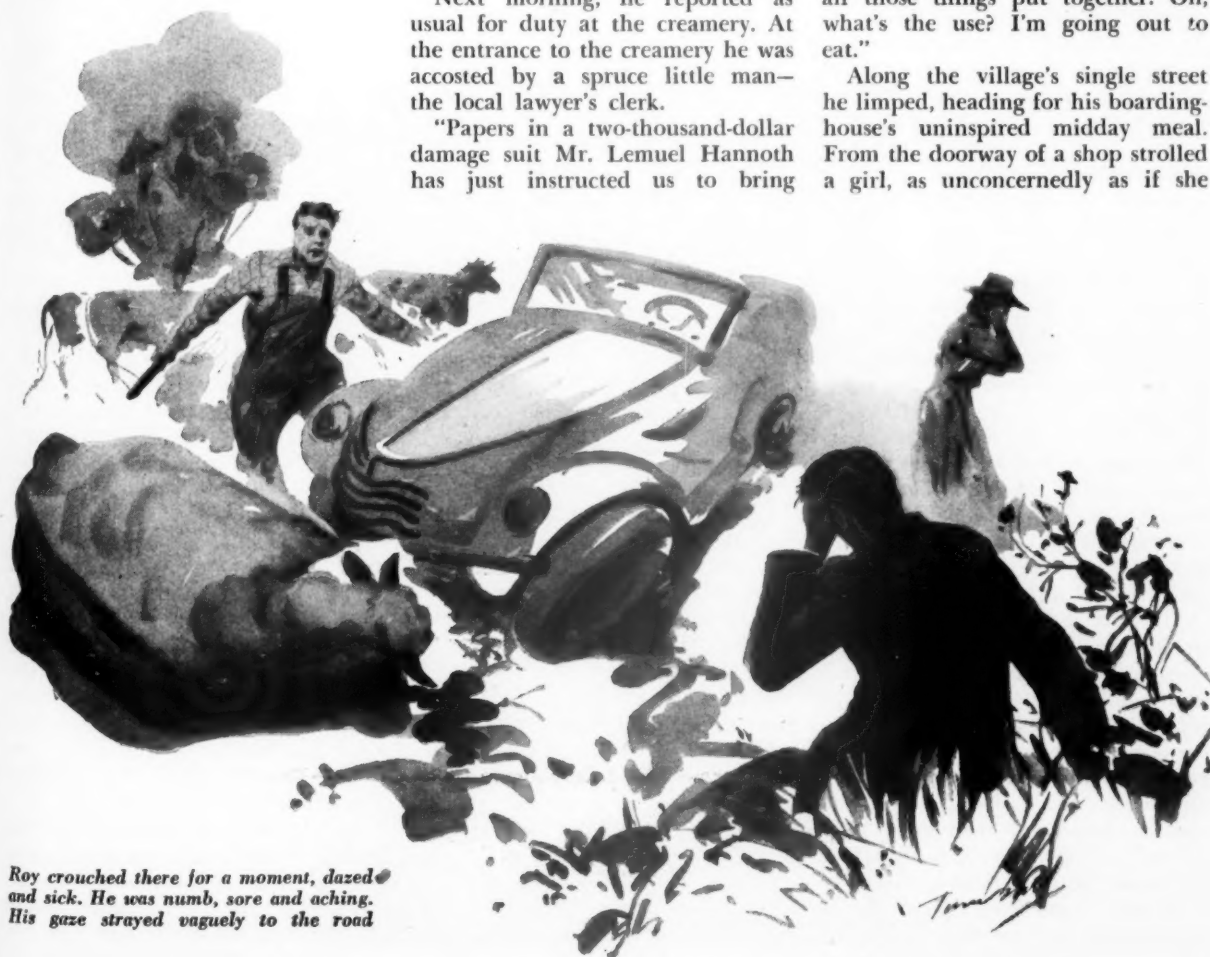
"I serve these papers on you, Mr. Thacker, in accordance with the law's requirements," smugly interrupted the clerk, moving away.

At noon one of his fellow employees slouched past Roy's desk, pausing to say:

"Heard the sweet news? There's a dicker on to sell the creamery. The boss is closing with an offer he's just had. That means the lot of us will be fired, of course. The new owner will have his own crowd to work for him. They always do."

"If you're trying to cheer me up," growled Thacker, "there are other orders ahead of yours. My car is a total loss and so is all the overtime I've done. Every inch of me feels like a sore thumb, and my twisted ankle makes me walk with an accent. And—and I've lost something that's a billion times more important than all those things put together. Oh, what's the use? I'm going out to eat."

Along the village's single street he limped, heading for his boarding-house's uninspired midday meal. From the doorway of a shop strolled a girl, as unconcerned as if she



Roy crouched there for a moment, dazed and sick. He was numb, sore and aching. His gaze strayed vaguely to the road

had not been loitering there for nearly an hour. She chanced to emerge into the hot street directly in front of the limping lunch-goer, all but colliding with him. Roy went brick-red from sudden embarrassment. Lifting his hat and mumbling something incoherent, he made as if to pass on at a faster pace. But the girl barred his way.

"I think," she remarked impersonally, "I *think* you're the very rudest man I ever knew, Roy Thacker. First, you promise to take me riding Saturday afternoon, and you never so much as send me word to explain why you broke the appointment. And now you try to walk around me as if I were a mud puddle."

A gust of vexation at Maida's raillery deafened Roy's mental ears to the thread of deeper feeling in the girl's soft voice. Choking back his babyish indignation as best he might, he made glum answer:

"You know very well why I didn't keep our appointment Saturday afternoon. All the county must have known about it, inside of an hour. As for sneaking past you, just now—well, there's no great fun in being laughed at. Especially by—by someone who—who—Let it go at that . . . I'll be late to lunch, as it is. And I didn't have any breakfast. I—"

"Yes," she agreed, making no move to step out of his path. "Yes, you'll be late, Roy. Because, since you won't come to see me, I'm going to talk to you here. You're not only the rudest man I know, but you're the silliest. You did something, Saturday, that everyone in Hampton is praising you for. A splendidly brave thing, Roy. A glorious thing! Most men would be taking advantage of such a deed and basking in hero-worship. Not trying to dodge their friends. I waited for you—and waited—"

"If you're still kidding me—"

"I am. I'm nearer being ashamed of you than I ever thought I could be. Are you coming to see me this evening, Roy?"

"No," he blazed, soreness of heart breaking through his hard-held self-control. "No! Not this evening or any time. Why should I? What chance have I got? You know well enough why I've been coming to see you, and why I worked so hard for that car I smashed. They say a woman always knows. Well, the

cash is gone and so is the car; and I've qualified for the village idiot. Besides, I'm losing my job; and there isn't another man-sized job open in this one-horse burg of ours. That means I've got to go somewhere else to look for work. So, I—"

"So you're thinking about nothing but yourself!" she retorted. "You never even stop for a moment to consider what it may mean to *me*. You tell me, almost in so many words, that you care for me; and then you tell me in the next breath that you are going away. You don't even give me a chance to say whether it means anything to me to have you drop out of my life; or—whether it means all the world to me! Oh, you *are* selfish, Roy! I'm—"

"Maidal!" sputtered the man, dazed.

"And I've been waiting nearly all morning for you!" she accused. "Because I had a feeling you'd be too stupid and too proud to—to—Everybody is looking at us," she broke off primly. "We can't stand here like this. Walk back home with me, Roy. And—and then you're coming to see me, this evening and—and lots of evenings. Every evening. For always. Say you are. Say it, Roy!"

A FULL hour late, that afternoon, Roy Thacker strolled mooningly back to his desk at the creamery. Forgotten was his bodily pain; forgotten was his humiliation; forgotten was his sacrificed roadster.

He was brought back to workaday earth by word that his employer had sent for him three times during the past hour. Into the chief's private office he drifted.

"Sit down, Thacker," began the overlord, with no hint of reproof at his subordinate's tardiness. "I've got something to tell you. The wife's been at me for more'n a year to sell out here and take a nice long rest, and maybe a trip to California with her. But you can't sell a business like this in five minutes. And if you give it out that you want to sell folks think the business must be on the rocks—which this one sure isn't."

"He's wasting a lot of words," thought Roy, uninterestedly. "Just to tell me we're closing out."

"Yesterday," the boss was declaiming with dramatic effect, "yesterday someone came to my house, right

after church; and made me a flat offer for the whole business; good-will and fixtures and all the rest of it. I thought maybe it was a joke. Then, first thing this morning, a lawyer came along too from New York. And in less'n an hour we'd worked out all the preliminaries. I get a price that I didn't hardly dare to hope I'd get when I named it. Yep. I'm mighty well pleased. So's the wife. Funny how we get to misjudging folks all wrong by the way they dress and the way they live and the way they act! I'd sized her as a down-and-out old pensioner of somebody's, from her bum clothes and—"

"Your wife?" asked Thacker, mystified.

"No. The creamery's next owner. That queer old Miss Vandercook! The lawyer tells me she's one of the New York Vandercooks—the Vandercooks, you know. Says she's eccentric; but that she has enough cash to buy every creamery east of the Alleghenies, if she has a mind to. She's took a whim to buy mine, glory be!"

The news was startling enough. But it made scant impression on the hearer. Once more his thoughts were retravelling that divine homeward walk with Maida Barham, the walk which had made him an hour late to work. The boss leaned forward and patted him playfully, if painfully, on one of his abraded knees.

"But here's the part I sent for you about," he announced. "She's keeping all the old employees on, she says—but 'on the express stipulation that Mr. Roy Thacker be made manager of the whole plant.' And the salary she named for you is a crime! That woman don't deserve all her oodles of cash, the way she slings it around so reckless. By the way, Roy, I never knew you belonged to the Galahad fam'ly. Fact is, I stick so close to business I didn't ever get to hear there was a Galahad fam'ly. But I heard her telling that lawyer of hers you're 'a true Galahad.' Most likely, they're relations of the Vandercooks. Anyhow—what's that you say?"

For Roy Thacker was babbling half aloud:

"I always told Maida her dad ought to have a phone put in his house. Now I'll have to hobble all the way out to tell her. But—maybe I can run, most of the way!"

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The Dream of Dr. Durant

Is Will Durant Turning His Steps Back Toward the Church? A Recent Article of His Gives Indications That He Is Groping in That Direction

By CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

WILL DURANT has written his *De Profundis*. Appalled at the plight of a world which to an alarming degree has rejected the teachings of Christ and thus gravely weakened the foundations of a just social order, he repents his part in that apostasy and in a stirring discussion under the title "The Crisis in Christianity" in the August 5th issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* becomes the prophet of a worldwide re-dedication to the healing Gospel of the Prince of Peace.

This change of heart, the sincerity of which no one who reads the article with thoughtful sympathy can doubt, is an event of real significance. It is a far cry from the intellectual flourish and pride of *The Story of Philosophy*, with its shallow skimming and cocksure outlining after the manner of H. G. Wells, to the depth and humility of this soul-searching essay.

That traces of unorthodoxy and of spiritual confusion still adhere to it is a matter that need not be weighed too heavily in its disfavor. The vital point is that this widely read writer, having perceived the havoc wrought by a pseudo-scientific skepticism and a mad materialism, is brave enough to recant the philosophic errors which beguiled him into their service, and honest enough to testify that without the support of Christian sanctions there can be no lasting human liberty, peace or progress. He puts his finger on the sinister forces that have broken down individual

and international morality. With merciless logic he shows that talk of "freedom and democracy," so glibly broadcast by those who would uproot religion altogether, is a deception pure and simple unless underpinned by the Christian concepts of responsibility to God and respect for neighbor.

Himself once a trusting son of the Church of Christ, Durant utters a cry of nostalgic affection for the Faith of his childhood, and so complete is his contrition that he does not hesitate to chide himself for the intellectual pride and rebellion which tore him from that anchorage.

"In our rebellious youth," he con-

fesses, "we proudly judged the 'truth' of religion, and our bulging intellects rejected whatever they could not understand. Now that age begins to cool our fires and prune our egos we perceive how superficial were the questions with which we confounded our teachers; they could no more answer us than the musician who is challenged to express in words all that his music means. We observe that religion, however often destroyed, soon rises again; that in the rhythmic and historic alternations of belief and unbelief, mysticism and naturalism, religion and science, religion sooner or later returns to power; and we conclude that it must serve some vital function to survive so many deaths."

Note the tenderness with which he harks back to the simplicity of a Faith founded upon the naked facts of the Catechism: "Religion was for many of us the profoundest truth of our youth. . . . Wonder held us from our first breath to our last ideal; and our awe in the presence of the inscrutable gave to our worship a depth and honesty seldom reached by the poetry of desire. Though we trembled now and then at the thought of hell, and vaguely aspired to everlasting bliss, it was not those distant things that moved us, so much as the feeling of a Divinity abiding behind all physical and changing scenes, a plan and purpose that gave logic and significance to all events, a Father illimitably powerful and cosmically oc-



cupied, but affectionately interested in the needs and hopes of men."

A Catholic fragrance clings to his concept of the Saviour. "Closer still," he continues, "was the figure of Christ, appealingly kin to us in growth and suffering, and yet the ideal embodiment of gentleness and tolerance; preaching with simplicity and courage the doctrine of human brotherhood, and drawing out of us, by the magnetism of sincerity, the finest possibilities of our nature."

REALIZING how these simple yet luminous convictions became clouded in later years by what must have been an ill-balanced study of comparative religion, one can forgive him if a touch of mythology creeps into the description he presents of the Blessed Virgin Mary, when he refers to her as "daughter of all the revered Mother Goddesses of Mediterranean antiquity"; for he redeems that lapse in a tribute such as could spring only from a heart still Catholic at the roots: "And beside Him was Mary . . . chosen from the lowliest ranks of mankind to be the carrier and nurse of divinity, ennobling all burdened motherhood with her devotion and tenderness, and mediating so patiently between Christ and man that many of our prayers were lifted up in her name. What could be more comforting to wonder and sorrow, or more inspiring to human decency, solicitous parentage and social conscience, than this sublime and humane faith, the fairest in the history of belief? No one who has ever known that faith can quite forget it, or be content to see it die."

Thus the lodestars of his early innocence are made to shine anew in his maturer years. Sickened by salaciousness and the easy standards of a decadent society, he shows succinctly how the vigor of a nation has no guarantee save the integrity of family life. Stingingly he rebukes the birth controllers: "Morality is natural only within the limits of the family; we have no instinct to be decent to a hundred million men. Our instincts adapt us to a jungle life in which force is the only arbiter; they must be curbed a hundred times a day to make civilization possible. Self-control is *unnatural* and *indispensable*; therefore it must be *taught* and *learned*. (The italics are ours.)"

"The individualistic impulses that serve the self, and the mating impulses that serve the race, are older, deeper, stronger than the social impulses that preserve society; unless the social motives can be reinforced, the instincts of self and sex will tear a society to pieces. Historically, the social dispositions have been reinforced by family discipline, moral instruction and legal restraints, supported in each case by religious belief. No civilization known to history has achieved moral order, without religious sanctions and aids for parental authority, education, marriage, patriotism and law. It may be that national survival is impossible without the religious encouragement of parentage." Thus he confirms the doctrine of our fallen nature and the necessity of grace. Thus he makes a clean break from the philosophy of Rousseau, who would have us believe that man is good by his own nature and requires no supernatural aid.

In the face of such testimony, the Catholic reader cannot but wonder what is holding Mr. Durant from a forthright re-allegiance to the religion which has never relaxed in its struggle to implant in the hearts of men the precepts he finds essential to human happiness. Prescribing for the religion of which he dreams, he asks that it shall be such as to "soften the heart of man; that it shall inspire courage and conscience and charity, that it shall make the strong a little more generous to the weak, and that it shall mitigate the rigor of competition and the brutality of war. Since the only real progress is moral progress, a religion faithful to these aims would, other things equal, be the best religion for this factious and warring world." Such a religion is indeed with us, here and now, pleading for the co-operation of all just as it has pleaded since the days of the primitive Christianity toward which he yearns.

"We do not need a new religion so much as a return to the old one in its essentials and its simplicity," is the way he puts it, and rightly so. It is a sad astigmatism, however, which still blinds him to the fact that the "old one" is still here, grown prodigiously from the original mustard seed, to be sure, yet unchanged in its essentials. Could he but bring himself back to the early morning

Masses, where worship is simple, pure and character-shaping; could he but strike new contacts with the interior life of the Church, with the hidden life of those consecrated to God, with the far-flung apostolate of the priesthood in humble parishes and in the foreign mission fields; with the self-effacing service of the religious orders and their lay auxiliaries in countless fields of education and mercy; with the martyrdom of men and women who sacrifice everything (often even life itself) in their devotion to Christ and His kingdom; could he once more view the religion of Jesus from within as an active and never-tiring force for the redemption and elevation of our common humanity, he would no longer seek with perplexity the pearl of pure charity. He would find it within his grasp.

Mr. Durant is like the man of the Orient who, as is narrated in a charming story by Rabindranath Tagore, resolved in his youth that he would never rest until he had found the touchstone that would transmute everything it touched into gold. Placing about his neck a chain of iron, this seeker set out upon the highways and byways, stooping at intervals to touch every likely-looking pebble to the iron chaplet in the confident hope that sooner or later he would find the magic stone.

FROM the graveled byroads he turned to the seaside, determined not to give up the search until he had tried every shining bit of abraded rock along the shore. Years went by and still the coveted stone eluded him. He began to grow bent and weary, but with dauntless perseverance kept up the search. Finally, after he had become a decrepit and bearded old man, still trudging and stooping along the ocean's rim, he chanced to look up at the chain that had hung so long about his shoulders. It had turned to gold, but somewhere along the way he had lost the touchstone.

Will Durant once had the touchstone for which he now so earnestly seeks. God grant he may find it again. And he need not worry that the religion of Christ will die. For we have Christ's own guarantee that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Perhaps the real crisis is not in Christianity but in the heart of Dr. Durant.

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Mexico's Next President

The Political Battle For the Presidency Now Going On in Mexico Involves Questions of Supreme Importance for the Future of That Nation

By WALTER M. LANGFORD

LIKE the United States, Mexico is girding for a presidential election in 1940. But, unlike the case in our country, the campaigning is already in full stride in Mexico and has been going on to some extent for several months. There are other ways, too, in which the naming of a new president differs on the two sides of the Rio Grande.

In the republic to the south there is, practically speaking, only one political party, the "official" one. There is really no popular election, for the government controls all the voting machinery and has the distressingly regular habit of declaring the "official" nominee to be elected. Bitter campaigns between two candidates over certain issues or between two parties over differing platforms are, therefore, almost unknown in Mexico. Yet even when it is well known that the "official" nominee will be installed as president in what the people call an "imposition," the Mexican public becomes all excited and worked up over the farcical campaign.

And the present political battle is packed with more than its share of interest and significance. Mexico under Cárdenas has undergone a "New Deal" of its own, the success of which is questionable and the most obvious result of which so far has been to render the future highly uncertain. Thus, much attention is being given to the few candidates who have a chance to succeed Cárdenas and speculation is rife as to the governmental path which the next president will follow.

Moreover, President Cárdenas declares and insists that there is going to be absolute freedom of the ballot in the coming election. If he could guarantee a truly free election, he would merit much praise, but few believe that he can carry out his desire, because of the inbred corruption of local election officials, who will continue as in the past

to report whatever figures it may be to their personal interest to report.

There are several presidential candidates now campaigning, of which only three are accorded any real chance of election. They are:

1. General Manuel Avila Camacho, until recently Minister of National Defense (Cárdenas has made all candidates resign their official posts).

2. General Gildardo Magaña, who until he entered the campaign was Governor of Michoacán, the same spot from which Cárdenas vaulted to the presidency.

3. General Juan Andreu Almazán, who resigned as Military Commander of the State of Nuevo León, which includes Monterrey.

The remaining candidates, none of whom is now regarded as a serious contender, include General Rafael Sánchez Tapia, General Joaquín Amaro, and Enrique Flores Magón.

The last named is a lawyer and is the only person to challenge the military tradition regarding the presidency of Mexico. Precious few

have been the non-military presidents of that land. A candidate quite prominent in the earlier stages of the race was General Francisco J. Múgica, long-time radical and lately Minister of Communications and Public Works. In mid-July, however, he retired from the campaign behind a powerful barrage levelled at the official party. It is regarded as probable that Sánchez Tapia, who also quit the official party after criticizing it severely, will shortly renounce his own candidacy and direct that of Almazán.

In the whole list of present candidates there is not a single colorful character nor truly outstanding personality, though some of them are of proven ability. All are more moderate than Cárdenas, which is a healthy sign, for it seemingly indicates that the pendulum has finally begun its swing from left to right and that the day of violence and extreme radicalism in Mexican politics (typified by Calles, Garrido Canabal, Lombardo Toledano, and others) may be, temporarily at least, drawing to a close.

The election takes place next July, and the campaign will in all likelihood reduce itself before the end of this year to a fight between one official nominee and another representing the opposition. The former nomination almost surely lies between Avila Camacho and Magaña. Almazán looms as the logical choice of the independents. Barring some violent upheaval or disintegration in the official ranks, their man should win in any sort of election, even a free one, because of superior organization.

The Avila Camacho machine started out some months ago as a veritable steamroller, and numerous groups hastened to clamber aboard his band-wagon. Lombardo Toledano, the dangerous and extremist boss of Labor, pledged the support of every one of the alleged million



Avila Camacho, a leading candidate for the presidency of Mexico

members of his CTM, obviously with the intention of getting in on the ground floor with the apparent president-to-be. Luis I. Rodríguez, then president of the official party (PRM) and puppet of Lombardo, labored actively and openly in behalf of Avila. A majority of the senators and governors declared for the ex-Minister of National Defense.

Presently, however, a reaction set in. Numerous syndicates of the CTM rebelled at being forced to support a candidate not of their choice, and defections of considerable consequence resulted. A storm developed, too, within the PRM, the climax being reached when Rodríguez found it necessary to resign his post. The repeated warnings of Cárdenas to the effect that high public officials were not to misuse their offices by open participation in "futuristic politics" scared off a number of senators and governors.

Attacks on the Avila Camacho movement likewise were unleashed from the camps of the rival candidates. Avila himself is being referred to derisively as "the unknown soldier", due to the almost complete ignorance which prevails regarding his military record and how he ascended to the rank of general. This last point need not, however, really disturb or surprise anyone who pauses to recall that there were last year no fewer than 348 generals in the Mexican Army. The public, discouraged by Avila's dull, colorless speeches, has failed to throw itself behind his candidacy to any marked degree. Besides, a bitter falling-out has taken place between his two principal supporters, Lombardo Tolédano and Emilio Portes Gil, former president. Each is intensely jealous of the other and no peace settlement seems likely or even possible. To Avila Camacho's credit let it be reported that he spurned the official backing of the Communist Party, which action will cost him some votes and perhaps gain him a good many more.

On the other hand, Magaña, a more astute politician and charter member, so to speak, of the Revolution (which had its beginning in 1910), started his campaign slowly and is gradually feeding it more fuel as its momentum increases. He is the apostle of the small proprietor, in whom he has a genuine and deep-seated interest. His idea is to solve

the difficult agrarian question by making of Mexico a nation of small land-owners instead of one composed of the huge *ejidos* or communal estates favored by the Cárdenas and previous administrations. He believes the *ejido* to be a backward step and a blow at progress, because it does not unite the peasant to the land through any bond of love, since none of the *ejido* belongs to the peasant personally. Magaña definitely is gaining strength, whereas Avila Camacho seems to be losing ground, but the latter is still the man to beat.

Almazán is another old-timer in the Revolution, though his enemies are now accusing him of having often fought against the Revolution and of having grown rich off it. He is well regarded by most moderate and conservative persons and, if the will of the people were strictly respected and entire freedom of the ballot granted, he would stand a strong chance of being elected. But, since the above condition is not likely to be fulfilled, his election is doubtful. Nevertheless, judging from the number and the fierceness of the attacks being made upon him by the Avila Camacho group, he apparently has the latter considerably worried.

There are rumors that Rodolfo Brito Foucher may soon issue a sensational statement and begin a whirlwind campaign. He is a brilliant young lawyer whose talents and training are of the very best, so much so that he is probably better equipped than any of the other candidates to fill the post of president. As an oppositionist candidate of the Right, he would no doubt make a strong appeal to the general public if he waged a vigorous fight, but his chances are very remote. In addition to facing the almost insuperable obstacle of the official party, he would also be handicapped by his tardiness in beginning his campaign.

WE come now to Cárdenas and his attitude toward his successor. To this moment he has maintained a dignified, hands-off, entirely impartial attitude. He has gone out of his way to insure fairness to all candidates. No hint has he given as to which candidate, if any, is his favorite, nor has he by any word suggested his own re-

election. Nevertheless, a movement has been initiated by some of his political friends to return him to the presidency. These persons point out that his program is far from being completed and that only he can best carry it through.

There arises, of course, the question of whether or not his program ought to be carried out to the bitter end. At any rate, it is thought most unlikely that he would consent to any movement designed to give him another six-year term in opposition to the Constitution which forbids re-election. It is a matter of conjecture, though, whether Cárdenas will find himself able to retire completely from the scene and deliver his unfinished program into the hands of another. No Mexican dictator has ever yet been able to retire without attempting to dominate his successor. But no previous dictator of Mexico could compare with Cárdenas in the matter of will-power and sincerity.

The PRM is supposed to hold a convention in November for the purpose of choosing the "official" nominee. That action should go a long way toward making more clear the identity of the next president of Mexico.

Whether the new ruler be Avila Camacho, Magaña, Almazán, or anyone else, his task will be no enviable one. He will inherit a government already deep in financial distress and with still greater trouble probably ahead. He will take charge of a country shaken by unrest, privation, lack of confidence, rising prices, and general economic instability. And he will have to face several vital problems upon whose handling the immediate future of the nation clearly depends.

One of these problems revolves around the influx of Spanish Reds which is being permitted by Cárdenas. At first opposed by the President (and still strongly opposed by the nation at large), this policy of offering haven to perhaps 40,000 Red refugees from Spain was pushed through by one Narciso Bassols, who held a portfolio in the Cabinet of the detested Calles and who has now been made Ambassador of Mexico to France.

No doubt, in winning Cárdenas' support, he used as arguments the enormous and very real wealth carried by the high officials of the



President Lázaro Cárdenas and other Government leaders at a session of the National Convention of Peasants

former Spanish Republican government and the great potential value to Mexico of the fine technicians of all sorts who could be imported. In his heart, however, the undeniably communistic Bassols almost surely is hoping for much successful agitation by most of the thousands of Reds who are coming in, and in that possibility lies the source of much grief for the next president.

This invasion of the country is already being spoken of in the Mexican press as "the second conquest of Mexico by Spaniards." There are, too, several international angles to the matter. France is of course delighted to be rid of these dangerous guests. Even the United States government may not be especially unhappy over the introduction of this group which is bound to oppose the growing Nazi influence in the Latin territory of North America. And the Cárdenas administration is presumably pleased over this opportunity to show its continued coldness towards the Franco régime in Spain—a policy incidentally which appears quite shortsighted and a good deal like the

cutting off of the nose to spite the face. One curious result of the whole affair is that Mexico now finds herself in the paradoxical situation of harboring large numbers of Communists while busily bartering her oil for Nazi products.

Though the silver problem will undoubtedly be resolved one way or another before the end of 1940, the effects of an unfavorable solution will bear heavily upon the new president. The recent vote by the U. S. Senate to suspend, at least temporarily, the monthly purchases by our Treasury of foreign silver (at 42 cents an ounce, well above the world market price) caused the Mexican peso to go into another tailspin and the Bank of Mexico to stop dealing in dollar exchange. The value of the peso descended to 18 cents and lower, whereas prior to the oil expropriations of March, 1938, it had been steady at about 28 cents. In Mexico there is satisfaction over the fact that the collapse of the peso this time was not so great as at the time of the oil excitement, but as the weeks go by the pressure on the rather defense-

less peso is telling more and more.

Scorning the natural question of the average American as to why we should pay them a good bonus for their silver while they regularly expropriate our properties without having as yet ever made effective payment therefor, the Mexicans profess to feel that our large purchases of their silver at such a generous price did not represent a subsidy but rather served as a stimulant to better business relations between the two countries. And they anticipate that the United States Treasury, if not purchasing silver from Mexico at a bonus, will always buy enough of it on the world market to maintain a respectable price of 38 to 40 cents an ounce. This represents a nice case of wishful thinking, and our friends to the south will be considerably disillusioned to discover that the world market price will sag several cents below the level they fondly hope for. The result of this will be that many silver mines in Mexico can no longer operate at a profit and will close down, with the two-fold disadvantage to the government of much unemployment

and a sickening drop in the already-too-small national income.

Even if there should be effected some settlement of the oil dispute before another president is seated in Mexico on November 30, 1940, that worthy, whoever he may be, will certainly have to cope with the sorrowful effects of that affair. Even the supporters of the Cárdenas administration now grant that a large proportion of the economic evils at present strangling the country may be traced directly or otherwise to the famous oil expropriation decree. The matter of disposing of the oil is not so difficult, however, as it was for a year or so. Contracts with Germany, Brazil, and other nations, together with the domestic consumption, are permitting a respectable production in the various fields, though the total output is still far below the former average.

The new president will have to take a stand on the further expropriation of lands owned by foreigners, over which there was quite an exchange of notes between Washington and Mexico City last year. Also, if he is to carry out Cárdenas' solemn promise of repaying the owners of such lands in full within a period of ten years, he will have to contrive to set aside sufficient funds for the annual indemnity payment on these lands already expropriated in the past.

He will moreover have to grapple with an internal problem of greater significance, namely, the agrarian question. Cárdenas has handled this issue in a sincere but strong-headed fashion which has contributed almost as much as the oil case to the deplorable economic condition now existent in the country. It is generally conceded that Cárdenas has moved far too rapidly for his Treasury in distributing lands, equipment, and credit to the peasants. This has been his pet interest, however, and nothing could deter him from pushing it with the utmost rapidity. The sadder thing about it is that impartial observers say his "controlled economy" has resulted, thus far at least, in nothing but failure.

Another problem which may disturb Mexico's next president is the possible change in attitude on the part of our government if the Republicans are victorious in our own presidential election of next year.

The Old Nun

By SISTER MARY EVELYN, R.S.M.

*From dawn until the shadows fall
The dear old nun sits there,
Her body bent, her head bowed low
By years of toil and care.*

*Her spindle is the rosary,
Her prayer the filmy lace,
With which she weaves the bridal robe
To meet her Love's embrace.*

*When weary hands find rest at last,
And work is laid aside,
Her soul will sing the canticle
Of God's beloved bride.*

The thought of this is a nightmare to many Mexican politicians who fear an about-face from the Good Neighbor policy if the Democrats are ousted from office.

There is one thing, anyway, which may bring some measure of relief and satisfaction to Mexico's otherwise harassed new chief executive. This source of comfort and joy is that the cunning Labor czar, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, than whom no man in the country is more genuinely distrusted and disliked, seems to be approaching an eclipse. The retreat of his man Rodríguez as president of the PRM and the withdrawal from the CTM of a number of syndicates were body blows which hurt. Other incidents seem to show that he is losing some of his power. He is widely charged with having shifted, perhaps unconsciously, from strongly communistic sympathies to equally fervent fascist tendencies. There is, notwithstanding, a lot of fight still left in the villain and he must not be counted out too soon.

What will be the new president's attitude on the religious situation? This question is in the minds of countless thousands of Mexicans. It would be quite too optimistic to expect any drastic change from the policy of recent years, but it seems safe to say that whatever change occurs, if any, will be in favor of the Church, particularly if the under-dogs, Almazán or Brito Foucher, should happen to go into office. Any revision of the anti-religious clauses of the Constitution

appears hardly possible, however, and it is to be remembered that there can never be any true solution to the religious problem in Mexico while the Constitution remains what it is regarding freedom of worship.

A matter of more concern to the Mexican people should be the attitude of their new president on education, which is for the Church perhaps the point of gravest danger. If the present system of compulsory socialistic education continues to be forced upon the primary and secondary pupils for another generation, a staggering crop of out-and-out atheists will have been produced and the future of the Church will no doubt be even darker than ever before. Almazán, in a manifesto issued July 25th, promises freedom of education in case he is elected.

Thus it is easy to see that the new president of Mexico will not exactly be walking into a six-year period of rest and relaxation. Mexico is at another critical point in her history, and upon the prudence and ability of her next ruler depends her place, for the near future at least, among the nations of the New World. If he proves capable of handling the foregoing and all other problems in a way most beneficial to the country, Mexico might well enter upon a period of rejuvenation which would restore her to the proud rank she once occupied. And if he proves incapable, the country will continue on the downgrade, with suffering and strife remaining as the principal characteristics of the national life.

The Years Ahead

By HILAIRE BELLOC

I MUST begin this last article in my series by reiterating what I said in my previous paper and what I have repeated, I know not how often, in everything I have written in any book or article surveying the modern world—the plain truth that no man can prophesy.

Least of all is it possible to foretell the future in the matter of those great movements of the human spirit which sweep through the world and suddenly take such unexpected turnings. No man in the sixth century had any idea that he was on the very threshold of the vast Mohammedan upheaval. Very few in the old pagan world grasped, before that world was doomed, the advent of a new religion, that of the Cross.

Our estimates of the future are not only tinged by past experience but are wholly derived from it, and it is commonplace that any generation, if it could be projected into the world of its posterity, would be astonished and bewildered and at sea. The world of today would not only look quaint and odd to a man of the eighteenth century, it would look insane; and three-quarters of what it does would be meaningless.

So it is with us. We cannot tell what is to come, but we are none the less compelled, if we wish to draw any useful political conclusion, to state the alternatives which lie before the future, and to attempt some judgment

from the probable course which that future will take between those alternatives with which it is faced.

Now it is manifest—on that I should think there could be no doubt—that the future of our civilization lies between two main alternatives, the reconversion of the world or its lapse into paganism, probably barbaric paganism. I do not mean that you have in this contrast a mere black and white; I do not mean that the white world a couple of genera-

tions hence, or even much later, will be uniformly inspired by the Catholic spirit or have uniformly lost it; but I do mean that one or the other of the two alternatives will predominate. For the moment it is clear that the chances are heavily weighted in favor of our opponents. The modern world has gone more and more pagan for a long time past and the pace has quickened very appreciably since the birth of men still young, men in the thirties today.

It is true on the other hand that the fact that the Faith alone can offer any real remedy to evils of society is more and more recognized. But to recognize the truth is not to accept it, and it is, as I shall presently argue, more probable that the greater the recognition the more violent the opposition will become.

There is nothing else in the field as a remedy for the increasing chaos of mankind, and that chaos is obviously a cause of intolerable suffering, the scale and area of which continually grows. The Catholic Church proposes for general acceptance a whole consistent philosophy and practice which (a) can be discovered by the individual to conform exactly to his needs and (b) has sufficiently, though of course not completely, satisfied social man in the past. It is a tried philosophy. The health it engenders can be tested by travel. It can be seen in innumerable personal

be saved of the old civilization *was* saved by such acceptance and there was also saved, so that it survived throughout the Dark Ages, the essential seed of that half-perished culture. It rose again to a vigorous life when the trial was past.

Yet men did not accept the remedy which lay there ready to hand. The Faith had to fight its way. It was over and over again in peril of dissolution or of conquest and (mark this!) the very fact that the remedy was there bred a more and more violently hostile spirit to it as it became more and more clearly the solution of human ills. "The light shone in the darkness and the darkness did not comprehend it." But there is more than that; that darkness tried to put out the light: it is offended by the light.

I take it therefore that the present phase of struggle between the Church and the World is not one which marks a turning point towards the triumph of the former. I take it that things will get worse before they get better. I take it there will be a storm which may be long-lasting and under which we shall be in peril of death. Not that the Church can die; it is the one thing in this world and the only thing (except the great human affections and the sense of beauty and of truth, all of which things the Church cherishes and protects and nurtures) which is of im-

mortal stuff; the one foundation unshakable and necessarily enduring.

But that the Faith will endure in numbers and power comparable even to restricted numbers and powers which its members enjoy today, is another proposition. The Faith will endure; but the numbers and the power of Catholicism may decline. It may even come to be forgotten, or half-forgotten at last, by the world in which some salvage of it still remains today.

In the Last of His Articles on the Conflict Between the Church and the Modern World the Author Sees a Storm of Persecution Ahead of Us the Outcome of Which It Is Impossible to Foretell

examples. But I say again it does not follow that because the remedy is there, the remedy will be accepted.

We have here to guide us a strong light from the past. When the Church was forming in the first three or four lifetimes of its troubled growth, it was more and more manifestly the thing that men needed to save a perishing civilization. Ultimately the Faith was accepted. All that could

The late Monsignor Benson wrote two books, each of them of a high imaginative quality. In the one he drew a picture of a world from which the Catholic tradition had faded. In the other he drew a picture of a world to which Catholicism had fully returned. He had genius and vision if any man had, yet he did not presume to say which of these two might be accepted as his own conclusion upon future things.

Neither will I do so. But, starting from the known to the unknown, I will say how the chances seem to me to lie. They seem to me to lie in favor of an increasing vigor in the forces hostile to the Church; and increasing expansion of the area over which the influence of the Church will lose its hold. I imagine that this process will, like almost every other process known to history, reach a certain climax where there will appear a necessary reaction. I mean that the battle will go more and more against us up to a point where there is premonition of change. I mean that the tide will flow continually adverse up to the point of slack water, and I think it is fairly evident that the hour of slack water is still far distant.

What will happen then? That is the major question in the whole affair.

But first let us examine the first part of my suggestion. I say that presumably things will go against us more and more for some time to come: for one generation at least, perhaps several. The grounds for so displeasing a prospect are present for all to recognize. In large districts of the world the machinery for perpetuating the Faith has broken down. I should rather have said "the machinery for perpetuating the mere tradition or remnants of the Faith." For in most of those large districts the essentials of the Faith have long disappeared.

That applies to more than half the Protestant culture and to much more than half the culture once universally informed by the Greek Church. Next let it be noted that upon our own side there is increasing weakness. It is apparent in compromise, in half measures, in the tacit acceptance of what a full and vigorous Catholic culture would never have accepted. Next let it be observed that certain evil habits of the body and of the soul, which were

noted in the past and of which we have had many examples, but which were always until now exceptional, have become commonplaces and are taken for granted.

To take the principal one, a blindness to, sometimes reaching a positive denial of, God and the supernatural—and human immortality.

To take another example, misapprehension of what is meant by truth and the evidence thereof. The pitifully crude theory that there is no truth to be arrived at save by experiment has passed with most people from a theory to a doctrine.

To take another example, the exaggeration of tenderness for animals and the lessening of tenderness for mankind. To take yet another, the

BELLOC FORECASTS

"The future of our civilization lies between two main alternatives, the reconversion of the world or its lapse into paganism, probably barbaric paganism. I do not mean that you have in this contrast a mere black and white; I do not mean that the white world a couple of generations hence, or even much later, will be uniformly inspired by the Catholic spirit or have uniformly lost it; but I do mean that one or the other of the two alternatives will predominate. For the moment it is clear that the chances are heavily weighted in favor of our opponents. The modern world has gone more and more pagan for a long time past, and the pace has quickened very appreciably since the birth of men still young."

indifference to truth: all the wretched stuff called "propaganda" is a crying denial of truth, a permanent accepted universal practice of advocacy and falsehood. All can testify that we are drowned today in a flood of this evil.

When a current is running with great strength, when the water is rising visibly before your eyes up the sides of the levee, it seems to me plain common sense to deny its immediate or even approaching reversal. When such things happen in the physical world we do not say: "Because the flood is so strong and the depth of it so rapidly increasing, therefore we may confidently predict an immediate subsidence of the waters." We cannot confidently pre-

dict anything but we can fairly judge the probability that such a flood and such a stream have more work to do before they cease or change.

Well, then, if the evil is to continue and to wax. What then?

Why then we may presume the return of persecution. We have grown unused to the name and to the thing, and yet we have had the most appalling examples of persecution in diabolical excess before our very eyes. I do not say that persecution will come because (for the ninety-ninth time) I can say nothing of the year "X"—nor can any other man; but I say it will *probably* come. Remember how easily persecution arises! How the spark touches off the powder! How fanatical men have become, and commonly upon the issues of which they know nothing!

Persecution may come through a law which all save ourselves think obviously just and sensible and which we must in conscience refuse, or it may come through the refusal of the more clear-headed and determined among Catholics to follow some popular cause, some new fanatical excitement.

And supposing my guess is right, and supposing it does come, what then?

Why here again we have the light of the past to guide us. Those who will stand up against the persecution will be cranks and outlaws—that is a part of the price they will have to pay. There are two sayings on this matter common among the wise peasantry of Spain. "If you would be a savior you must suffer the fate of a savior" is one; and the other is "The price of heroism is death."

And when the few have suffered and the many have betrayed (after the common fashion of all persecutions), what then? Then certainly one of two things—either the persecution will succeed as it so thoroughly succeeded from four hundred to two hundred and fifty years ago in England—so thoroughly that England was never the same country again after the defeat of the Stuarts. Or it will partially fail as it failed in the case of Ireland after the worst persecution and the longest in all the history of Christendom. It will not wholly fail, because the complete triumph of good is not for this world.

Well, but which will it be? The success or the failure of the persecution? I cannot tell, nor can any other.



REFUGEE RELIEF WORK IN YÜANLING

By SISTER M. FINAN

AFTER the fall of Hankow and when Yochow was taken, it seemed as though all the people from the Changsha and Changteh area came here. When the planes reached Tao-yuan it became worse here. Many of the refugees kept right on going; this place wasn't far enough away from the danger to suit them. As a result of this confusion all our girls were moved into the city, and are living at the Seminary. Sisters Alma and Carita are with them there.

We gave over most of our school building to the poor people and moved our classrooms into the old dormitories. We had to double up all our classes but our school still functioned, which was more than could be said of most of them around here. When the air alarms began to come last October our attendance fell in two days from 250 to about 80. Everybody left the city. Still we soon managed to have more than 100 at school each day.

We changed the hour of classes, in order to have the children in their homes should the bombers come. We had flag-raising at 6:45, and classes until 10 o'clock. Then all returned

home for their breakfast and dinner.

Our next session began at 3 P.M. and went on until 5 P.M. Thus we adjusted ourselves to the conditions of war. It was a radical change, but the parents were more satisfied.

When our school reopened after the Chinese New Year, we had a heavier registration than ever before; and we could at present have many more pupils if we had accommodations for them. As it is we are cramped on account of turning so much of our room over to the refugees. The children all want to continue their studies and the parents want them to do so, too.

Very few schools are in session here as it was suggested that all schools move to the country for safety. This is easier said than done, particularly with the smaller children. Naturally the parents do not want their little ones to be so far away from them in these times. Then too, we have our responsibility toward our own orphan children, and that is enough without adding more. So we are still in action right here. We hope nothing will happen to disturb the classes. These girls

will be ready for Middle School in the Fall if they can complete this term.

The Emergency Refugee Hospital is in operation and we are adding more patients each day. It is strange but there always seems to be space for just another poor soul. There is no charge at all for any of the patients. We have a Chinese doctor and three trained nurses, and even thus far a great deal of good has been done. The Hospital has been the means not only of saving many lives, but also many souls.

The place that was expected to hold twenty beds has now fifty bed patients. Plans are being made to add even more beds. We have Catholic literature all around the wards, just where the convalescing patients may put their hands on it. They read and read, and are always looking for something more. One young man wrote me a letter that made me very happy. From his reading of the life of the Little Flower, he got the desire to learn more about the Church, and asked how he should go about making plans for entrance. He is now studying every day in the men's catechumenate.

We are doing a big business in babies these days. They come so fast

that it is impossible to find homes for them so we have had to make preparations to receive and keep them in the mission with the other children. These newcomers are all children of refugees. The parents cannot provide for themselves much less an added little mouth, so many of them bring the babies to us themselves and ask us to give them a chance to live. Others just drop them at the gates as of old.

THESE tots keep us busy. The quintuplets had nothing on our little group. We have them side by side on a row of beds and have extra help for both day and night to look after them and feed them. Of course, many of them will not live. In their short lives they have already suffered a great deal. But the very day they arrive each receives baptism. Then they are fortified, no matter what happens.

Yesterday we had an air-alarm. Report had it that the boats were going through Tung-Ting Lake and the planes were at Changteh again. The rivers are high for we have had weeks of rain. In fact hardly a day passes without at least a shower. Last Saturday night there was a terrific thunder and lightning storm.

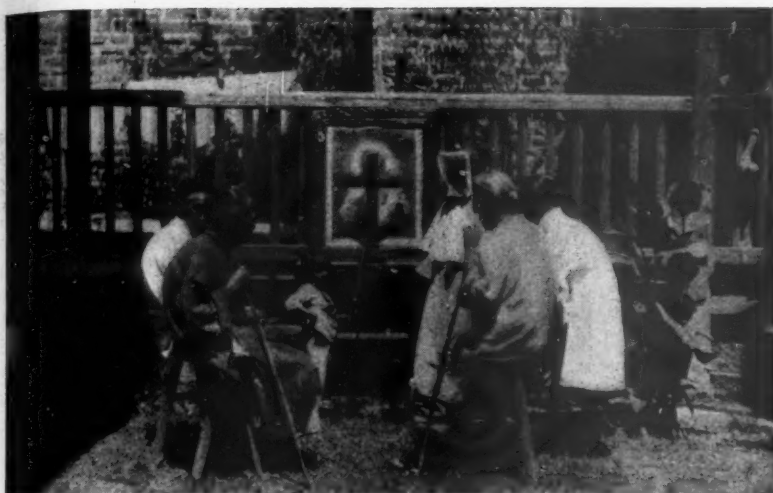
Two men at the Electric Light Plant were killed so we had no lights for a day. The electricity was just installed about ten days ago and it is hard to believe that we just have to press a button now. Of course, the power is only on from 5 P.M. until midnight.

Everything is very expensive here now. We paid \$25 for one can of kerosene. There is no doubt but that the electricity will be cheaper. Sugar, meat, fish, flour, etc. have all gone up nearly 100% in price. The rice has come down to \$24 a hundred pounds! Cloth, thread, shoes are all doubled in price. It seems as though the business men here instead of helping the refugees want to make money on them. And what is the result? The people are standing along the street selling their nice clothes, the only things they have left. They have no occasion to wear them in their present living quarters so they throw them across their arm and walk the street in the hope that someone will buy them. They need the money for food.

Some of these people have been out of their homes for a whole year. They were not the poorest then. They took their belongings and all their money and travelled from place to place. But in doing this little by



Fr. Paul Ubinger, C.P. smiles happily after the baptism of his first class amongst the refugees. Instructions are given regularly at Luki and other refugee camps for those who are interested in the Catholic Church



An orphan teaches aged catechumens about Jesus Crucified

little their money dwindled away, and each time that they had to repack and go a little further into the interior they took less with them. By the time they reached Yüanling they were really poor people and suffering greatly because they are not used to such a life.

We have also met some of the finest and best educated Chinese this year. They have given up their own work to help train young men and women for saving the country. One gentleman, formerly secretary to the Minister of Education, is a new Christian. His young wife was converted while at school in Shanghai with the Loretto Sisters and it was her example that brought Mr. Liang into the Church. Both are baptized about a year and a half.

Mr. Liang saw a copy of *THE SIGN* and he is very much interested in it. One day he said he would like to write the story of his conversion in English for your magazine. He is living at the Mission in Pushih as the boys are being trained there now. Perhaps before this reaches you all these people will be called to Chungking.

Another convert is Madame Dzang, a lovely little Chinese woman who spent ten years in France and is a sculptor. She was here with the Art School as her husband is Vice-Director. We met her and she became a frequent visitor. She asked to come to Mass on Sunday and never missed it, rain or shine. Then she said she wanted to prepare for baptism. We brought her to the Bishop and he told her that with instructions by the Sisters she should be ready for

baptism for Christmas. She was very happy and so was her seven-year-old daughter . . . but they weren't baptized for Christmas. They had to leave Yüanling with the school in November, but the Bishop gave her a letter to present at any Catholic Mission on the way where she could continue instructions.

In Kweiyang on the Feast of Little Christmas she was baptized and now she is Marie Teresa. She attributes her life and the life of her child to the grace of baptism. She and the child were in the hotel when Kweiyang was bombed. They got under a table. One bomb fell at the main door and another in the building. They were between the two. She thought they were finished and both dropped on their knees and asked God to have mercy on them.

The whole place was soon ablaze

but they managed to get away by jumping over the walls. Six people were killed and all the others wounded in that hotel, yet they came out without a scratch. However, every last thing belonging to them was burned in the fire and when she wrote she said, "We are really to be pitied now for all we have is the clothes on our back."

She thanked us and told us to relay her thanks to the Bishop for all he did to bring her into the Church. Before they left here we gave each a miraculous medal and even the non-Catholic father wore it constantly. Madame Dzang thinks there will be no trouble in getting her husband into the Church as soon as he gets a rest from his work. They are on their way to open school at Kunming but there are these enforced and dangerous delays.

We are very happy that the veteran Fathers and the new Fathers are on their way to China. This is the time to be here. There is so much to be done and the people are so receptive. We meet all kinds here now and many Catholics from all over China. A man who was twelve years in Belgium got the Faith here and though he is in Chungking now, he wants to come back here with his Belgian wife for baptism. There have been so many of these joys among all the sufferings and sorrows. For that part it would make your heart feel very sore to see the poor families with their sticks, walking all the way from Changteh and further and not a place to lay their heads when they get here. We are doing all we can for them.



The late Sr. M. Joseph Chang with some of her pupils

Father Flavian's Last Days

By JAMES LAMBERT, C.P.

THROUGH our cable, sent some time ago, readers of THE SIGN have doubtless been acquainted with the news of Father Flavian Mullins' death. Since so many are waiting for further details, and since it was my privilege to have been stationed with him, I am sending this short, personal account of his last days on earth.

Those acquainted with Father Flavian recall his robust and very cheerful disposition. He was that way until the end. However, Father Flavian had an enlarged heart and it gave him considerable trouble. He could lie down to rest for only a few hours each night. If he raised his left arm high, the pain was great. And so he had to be very careful of his actions. He did not like to talk of his personal sufferings, however. With a large smile and hearty laugh that many know so well, he succeeded in concealing these facts from most of the world.

When he took over the office of Religious Superior of the Passionists in China, his troubles and worries became very many. His greatest

anxiety was for the welfare of the other missionaries. Especially since the beginning of the present conflict in China did he remark many times how happy he could be if he had but himself to think of. But should anything happen to one of the missionaries it would possibly be more than he could stand. All this was a great strain on his heart.

Then came the bombing of Chenki. Father Flavian was one of the few who remained within the city during that terrible hour, and lived to tell the story. Fires raging on all sides of the Mission, the shriek of the bombs in every direction, the cries and the screams of those trapped in the flames. It was only by the particular protection of Heaven that Father Flavian was spared from any harm. He realized then that during a bombing no place was safe within the town.

Thereafter, when an air alarm sounded, we would leave with the people for the hills. The steep climb, the hurry, and the heat of the semi-tropical sun must have told on Father Flavian's heart. What told

most was the knowledge that other missionaries in other towns were remaining as he had done within the walls, after the air signal. And only an actual bombing might teach them. Though they should escape death, the thought of any one losing an arm or leg, or becoming otherwise maimed for life, was a source of constant worry to him. He spoke very often of this, and in his letters to the missionaries he urged them to be careful.

For some days before the last, Father Flavian gave evidence that he thought he was nearing the journey's end. His books were in order. He placed them where they were easily available. He would give us more explicit instructions as to how to act, when we "would be alone." I asked him one evening what he meant by the expression when we "would be alone"! Where was he going? As usual, when he himself was mentioned, Father Flavian passed off the remark. To outsiders he was still the same cheerful, jovial missionary. To all appearances he seemed to be in good health.

On Sunday morning, June 18th, when speaking to the people from the altar, Father Flavian reminded them that there were many in the world who would eat their breakfast that day, and before nightfall would have passed before God in judgment. Did he know what would happen next day? At about eleven o'clock that evening I bade him good-night. On Monday morning we both said Mass at six-thirty. Usually I am finished before Father Flavian. That morning, however, he returned to the sacristy first.

After thanksgiving, as we were sitting down to breakfast, he remarked that he had not said Mass that quickly in years. I said I noticed he was through first, and had wondered if anything were wrong. Father Flavian said he felt quite well. And when Father Flavian admitted he was only quite well, I knew something was out of the ordinary. I looked at him. The same healthy red color, but he appeared



Fr. Flavian with Fr. Raphael shortly after arriving in Hunan in 1922

to me to be rather anxious.

And then, instead of eating, he said, "You go ahead and eat, Jim! I will do a little penance." He had done that before, when suffering some ailment. He then sat down in a rocking chair. Again I asked him what was the matter, fearing that this time it was actually his heart. In his old jovial way, he insisted that I proceed with breakfast. A short moment afterward I heard a strange sort of sigh. He had closed his eyes, and when I called him he did not answer.

HE WAS still alive, and sat there smiling as though to say "Do not worry about me." He had passed out like that at Yüanling some years ago and came to some time afterward. However, to be sure, I immediately gave him absolution and administered Extreme Unction. The three best Chinese doctors in town were immediately summoned, one of them a devout Catholic, a great friend of Father Flavian and a skillful physician trained in a good medical school. He was a military man, and under his care are some of the nation's best soldiers. They applied the stethoscope. But by this time no sound came from the heart of Father Flavian. Digitalis was given, but he did not revive.

He had done his penance. He had gone to his reward. The Christians who had hurried in prayed for his soul, many of them weeping, for they loved him dearly. Fathers Paul and Anthony arrived that afternoon. A Requiem Mass was said at Chenki the next morning. Then the Christians escorted the coffin to a waiting automobile and placed flowers upon it.

TRIBUTE FROM FATHER BONAVENTURE

Very Reverend and dear
Father Provincial:

In Father Flavian's passing, the Passionists have lost not only a sterling subject, a splendid religious and priest, but also your well-trusted representative on whom you have leaned so much during the dangerous and threatening times that have been facing your children here in China. As with ourselves, I feel that Your Paternity is inexpressibly shocked over Father Flavian's unexpected death. However, shocked as we are, we are not greatly surprised. That his end would be such we all knew because of his con-

stantly alarming heart condition. The strain and worry of the past year without doubt aggravated such a condition.

I was very close to Father Flavian during my years in China and knew how worried he was over the safety of the men. In March of this year, after leaving Fenghwang, where I had been with Father Timothy during his dangerous illness, I spent two weeks at Chenki with Father Flavian. I could not but notice the change in him then. He looked strained and worried and confided to me that anxiety over the safety of the men—both from air raids and then later should war actually come to the district—was telling on him.

It was after I left Chenki that the terrible bombing took place with Father Flavian right in the midst of it. That surely was an added strain and brought a greater worry—not for his own safety, for he never counted personal danger—but for the men who were at the same time in the same danger or who would be liable to the same horrible experiences. His solicitude for us really hastened his death, and I cannot help but think that he sacrificed his life in his office and gave his life for us, his brethren.

He was a grand Superior. Being a missionary himself he was able to appreciate the trials and difficulties of the missionary life. And how well he was able to encourage us at all times, to smooth over misunderstandings here and iron out difficulties there, to promote peace and

concord, to strive for harmony in all matters. And he lavished on us that wonderful charity with which his name had long been proverbial. He led us not in preachings but by the wonderful example he constantly gave, going before us all in an edifying life both as a Passionist and a missionary. This was the secret of his influence.

FATHER FLAVIAN died as he has lived. He knew full well that death might come to him at any moment. Consequently, he was always prepared. Often I have heard him pray far into the night before he took the few hours rest he allowed himself. It was, I think, that he expected death to come while he slept—if sleep it could be called, since because of his heart condition he never fully reclined. He slept half-sitting.

And death came to him both at a beautiful time and a beautiful period. Having offered the Holy Sacrifice, he united his own life to the Spotless Holocaust and his thanksgiving for that Last Mass he made in the Bosom of God. The next predominating devotion of his life was his burning love for the Sacred Heart. His final union with the same Sacred Heart came during the Octave of the Sacred Heart.

He will be both remembered and missed by all of us. But we hope that we have caught some of his happy, zealous and pioneering spirit to guide us in our own work for souls.

Father Bonaventure, C.P.



Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P. reading last absolution at Fr. Flavian's grave

"WELL, Jordan,"—Warden Has-
kins glanced amiably across
the office table at No. 17007—"I'm
glad to tell you that the Parole
Board has granted a substantial re-
mission of your sentence." He flicked
a finger rapidly through a bundle
of papers, extracting a tinted form.
"Yes, here's the order—effective as
soon as you've finished the minimum
of your term."

Triumph blended with the look
of relief that shot across the con-

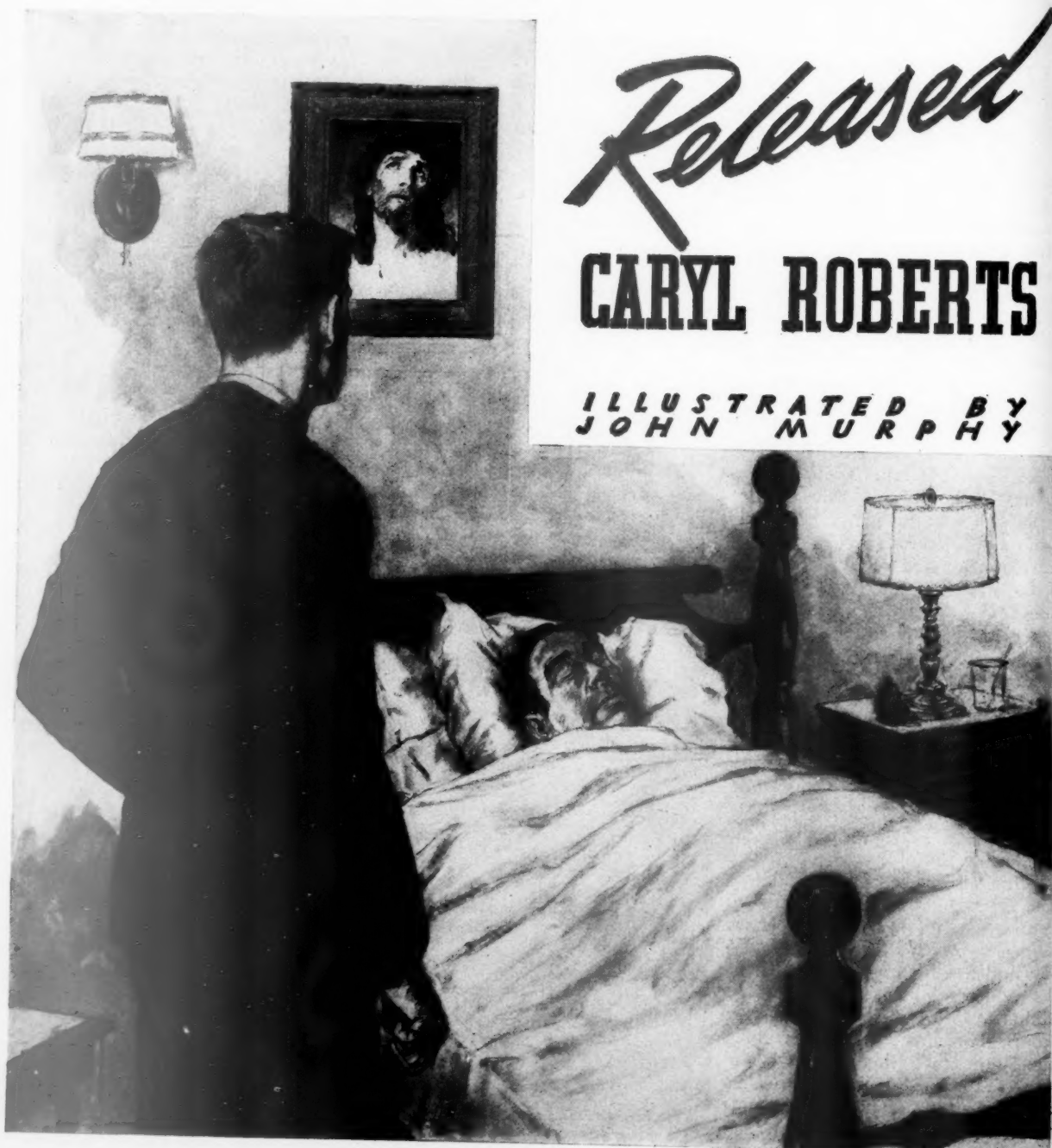
vict's wide-set gray eyes, lighting up
a pinched, haggard face and fading
instantly. He drew his tongue across
parched lips, straightened his lean
figure to a semblance of its former
manhood and uttered brief thanks.
An aspect bound by granite walls,
with blighting thought for sus-
tenance, had not conduced to flowers
of speech.

"I don't intend delivering an ora-
tion on virtue," the Warden con-
tinued, "The Chaplain has done his

best for you in that respect. Your
conduct has been exemplary; other-
wise I wouldn't have submitted your
case on my Calendar. You've given
indications of intelligence above the
average; you're still young as years
are reckoned today. Watch your step
for the future—you'll make good
again. Your parole will be granted
next month . . . and I wish you
luck."

* * * *

Outside the prison bars, Peter Jor-



Released

CARYL ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN MURPHY

dan, ex-M.D., drank big draughts of the sweet air of freedom. Yet, despite the Warden's friendly advice and Father Victor's earnest directions, his dominant thought was vengeance, swift and merciless, on the man who had ruined him. His body was free as he stood in the bright sunshine of a perfect summer morning, but his spirit was still in chains.

Convicted on false evidence, with a priceless portion of precious life consumed in silent agony, how could his sentence have effected any improvement in his feelings towards society, he asked himself bitterly.

FOR Jordan was merely human, and his passion for revenge—a smoldering fire banked down under a rigid discipline—would soon be a roaring furnace, fanned to flame by the winds of free will and desire.

Seven years frittered away, lost forever, since that unlucky night, he brooded sullenly. Years that had sapped energy, throttled ambition. Withering years that had destroyed trust in his fellows, annihilated belief in the existence of God.

A brilliant young physician, with a growing practice and an assured future, Peter Jordan had been returning from a professional visit. Taking advantage of a short-cut, he had turned down a side street close by the river. An ideal husband and strict in his habits, he was seldom out late except in obedience to an urgent call. Accordingly, he hastened his steps as the strokes of midnight fell from a nearby church.

Approaching an alley-way, he heard voices raised in altercation,

followed by sounds of a scuffle. He had started to cross the narrow street when two men dashed out, blocking his path. He caught a fleeting glimpse of them as they staggered through the pool of light cast by an arc-lamp, and one of them he recognized as Claude Lestrangle, chiefly by the mole that stood out in stark relief against the pallor of his passion-racked face. A handsome idler of independent means, he was the son of a wealthy city lawyer. That he had been recently involved in shady financial transactions, causing his parents grave anxiety, was an open secret. Jordan had been to college with Lestrangle but had never been an intimate.

Lestrangle's opponent, a burly man of middle age, seeing Jordan apparently about to intervene lashed out viciously, his heavy fist landing obliquely on the young doctor's brow with a crashing force that threw him completely off his balance. As he stumbled to a fall, he heard a loud report, saw a swift gleam of metal, then dropped, senseless.

When he recovered, Jordan was vaguely surprised to find himself supported by the arms of two police officers. There must be a bad gash on the side of his head, he thought dully; he could feel a warm stickiness trickling down his face. The man who had struck him lay on the road at his feet, dead.

As the mist cleared from his brain, Jordan was amazed to see Lestrangle standing beside the police reporting the occurrence. "I just happened along, Officer, and saw them rush out. The fellow on the ground

him. Then he fell and struck his head against the edge of the sidewalk. He must have had too many drinks, I suppose. I rushed for help then. . . ."

Still giddy, but his senses now fully under control, Jordan turned to denounce the deliberate falsehood. He opened his lips to speak but his tongue seemed paralyzed; words of denial refused to come. Realizing that he was in a deadly trap, he stammered at last: "Th—the man's lying. I—I'm a doctor returning from a call—I can prove it—" But, heckled by the rapid-fire questions of the police, he was unable to account for the revolver, with one shell discharged, which they had found grasped in his hand and held up now before his startled eyes.

"This yours? You treat your patients with shells instead of pills?"

Haltingly, he attempted a detailed account of his recent movements. He was told to keep all that for the desk sergeant.

"He's as simple as a baby. He'll believe you . . . maybe!" the officer in charge grinned. Lestrangle snorted derisively. They took him along to the police station.

AT THE inquest that followed, the deceased was identified as Gordon Baxter, the well-known broker, and at the subsequent trial Jordan, on Lestrangle's extenuating evidence, escaped the capital charge. Convicted of manslaughter, he was committed for ten years, despite the brilliant efforts of a clever counsel to argue away the apparent facts. The deed spoke for itself, said the prosecuting attorney.

For seven years Jordan had borne the felon's brand, sustained in great part by his wife's fidelity, but mainly by thoughts of the vengeance he would wreak when liberty was restored.

• • • • •

With the painstaking application he had devoted to his student-days' studies in medicine, Peter Jordan, on his release, made the task of trailing Lestrangle his absorbing passion—murder in his heart and a loaded automatic pistol in an inside pocket. But nowhere could he find a clue to his location. He had vanished without leaving a single trace.

He glanced again at Lestrangle, cast his eyes around the room, and then his attention was held by a picture suspended from the wall above the bed



Many changes had, in the natural course, taken place during his internment. Lestrangle's father was dead, he discovered, his estate fallen to Claude who had disposed of the city property. The big mansion in a fashionable city square had been converted into elaborate apartments. Rumors of some shooting accident, in which Lestrangle had sustained eye injuries, had reached Jordan's ears. Beyond that, nothing. It almost seemed as if his enemy, instinctively aware of impending fate, had taken effective steps to circumvent it.

JORDAN'S name had been struck off the medical register but through the influence of friends in the business world he had secured a position as traveling salesman and house-to-house canvasser for a manufacturing firm of medical products. His weekly itinerary took him around a wide circuit and he still entertained hopes that, some day, he would ferret out Lestrangle—without the aid of the Providence whose reputed workings he had come to regard as an old wives' tale.

As a matter of habit, he still carried the black leather case that had, previous to his conviction, held the instruments of his profession. It was useful for holding sample remedies and literature. But he had clung on to a few mementoes—stethoscope, hypodermic syringe and some drugs—although he knew he was disqualified from using them.

A midsummer afternoon, languid with heat and drowsy sunshine, made Jordan pause at Saxby, twenty-five miles from the city where steady work had enabled him to rent an apartment flat for himself and Jessie, soon to be the mother of his first child. He had finished his weekly round, felt tired. Depressed too, because of his baffled quest. Resuming his walk to the bus terminus, he glanced, in passing, at an immense brownstone house, "Ebor Hall," whose owner, Colonel Elwin, had refused on several occasions to allow him admittance. He was wondering dreamily what the irate old soldier was like, when of a sudden the front door burst open and a frightened maid dashed down the gravel avenue, colliding with Jordan outside the ornamental iron gate.

Breathless, she pulled up with a muttered apology . . . then noticed the black leather case.

"Oh, sir, are—are you a doctor?" she gasped.

For an instant he stood, rigid, regarding her. Then an inner urge he was unable to resist prompted him.

"I am," he answered calmly. "Nothing seriously wrong, I hope?"

"The master—Colonel Elwin's had a seizure—he's—" her voice trailed into a sob. "Oh, quick, sir!" and she ran back to the house.

A few seconds later, Jordan was beside her in the hall. He saw a handsome middle-aged lady approaching down the broad staircase.

"I'm glad you've come so soon," she was saying, but drew back when she realized she was speaking to a stranger. "I thought it was Dr. Sugerman." Her expression betrayed anxiety; Jordan detected a strange look in her eyes.

Still yielding to impulse, he heard himself reply: "No, but I can telephone for him if necessary. May I see the patient?"

She led him to a corridor off the main landing and paused outside a door. "Will you require my help, or shall I send—"

"You mustn't disturb yourself, madam. I will see him alone." He turned the handle and walked quietly into the bedroom.

EVERYTHING in the luxurious apartment pointed to wealth and comfortable ease. The costly furnishings, the deep-piled carpets, the mellow light of the shaded lamp reflecting a lemon halo from a satinwood center table, for the curtains had been drawn. Everything—except the man writhing in agony on the expensive bed, a fleck of foam on his lips.

A scared manservant hovered aimlessly around the room, the sobbing maid was rearranging the tossed pillows where a pair of shaded spectacles had fallen. He dismissed them peremptorily, drew aside the curtains and crossed hastily to the bedside. In a swift comprehensive glance he appraised the symptoms. Here, he saw, was imminent death—except by a miracle of speed and skill it could be averted. He stooped, bent an ear to the sufferer's chest. He needed no stethoscope, no further diagnosis. Heart disease, valvular. A text-book example of myocarditis at a crisis. The irregular breathing, suspended heart-beat, the deadly crepitation—"auricular flutter"—plainly audible. The man

might live a few days, possibly a week, if the paroxysm was survived.

From where he knelt he threw a glance over his shoulder, saw, on a side table, a tantalus, wine glasses. Brandy? No . . . suddenly it came to him that he had a phial of digitalis in his case . . . that would ease the pain. In a trice he had measured a strong dose. And then, as he bent to force the draught between the twitching lips, he sprang up and back with a gasp of horror, the liquid spilling over his shaking hand.

He was looking straight into the empty eye-sockets of his long-sought enemy!

"Great heaven!" he whispered hoarsely. "Lestrangle . . . blind!"

Despite his agony, the man seemed dimly aware of the spoken name. "Who's there . . . who mentions that—" The voice faded into a rattling croak.

Jordan paused. What should he do? A doctor's first duty is the alleviation, if possible, of human pain. He had been a doctor, and his heart still yearned for his lost profession. Would he be loyal to his calling? Once more his reaction came involuntarily.

"Let him have his draught," he muttered. "Afterwards I'll talk . . . and act."

He replenished the measure and stooped to his patient. His voice was quiet, compelling now. "I am a doctor. Try to get this down, it will soothe you. That's better!" The crisis passed slowly, the bent legs straightened. The man lay breathless, exhausted.

SO THIS was the end of his quest. That it was Lestrangle there could be no possible doubt. The hazel eyes were gone, but there was no mistaking the hawk nose, the low wide forehead; least of all, the distinguishing mole under the left eye-socket which would mark him in a million. And this was the man who had blighted his career, crushed his ambition, destroyed his faith in men, his belief in God. This poor wreck, blind, diseased, on the threshold of eternity!

Like a thwarted beast of prey, Jordan paced the carpeted floor. Nothing save the stentorian breathing of the sufferer broke the silence. Shoot a blind defenseless man? The idea was somehow nauseating. In his case he had other, lethal drugs. A strong heart stimulant would pro-

duce immediate death . . . he could slip away in the confusion. That would be a neat revenge . . . or would it?

He laughed harshly. Lestrangle twisted and moaned in the bed. Jordan paused, pressed hands to his temples, tried to still his fevered thoughts. Frustrated, swindled again, by an ironical fate!

Suddenly he recalled the face of the lady who had led him to the room. It had looked careworn. Was she aware, he wondered, of this man's treachery? Did she share the secret with him—for doubtless she was his wife? Her face had revealed some deep-rooted sorrow. . . .

He glanced again at Lestrangle, cast his eyes around the room, and then his attention was held by a picture suspended from the wall above the bed. It was a copy in oils of the famous *Ecce Homo* in a massive gilt frame. From His chaste forehead, under its platted crown of thorns, blood seemed falling in heavy clots on the uncovered breast of the Man of Sorrows. . . .

Sorrow. Was that what he was experiencing now—sorrow, and for what? Because of foiled revenge, the inability to inflict further hurt on a doomed man? Slowly his mind was groping towards a tiny speck that, creeping in unawares, began to light up dimly the somber darkness of his soul. Sorrow—was it not the keynote of the threnody of human life which, with sin and suffering and incompleteness, made up the harsh discord of the Fall?

In a flash his consciousness was flooded with the light of understanding. A blinding-white ray seemed to sear and scorch him and by its cleansing flame all bitterness and premeditated revenge were instantly burnt away. Waves of pity surged through his heart for this unfortunate man who had so grossly wronged him. For he realized now that it was Lestrangle and not himself who had been the greater loser in the battle of life. Struck by a sense of his own need for pardon, he dropped to his knees and emptied his repentant soul in a broken prayer for forgiveness before the picture of his Redeemer.

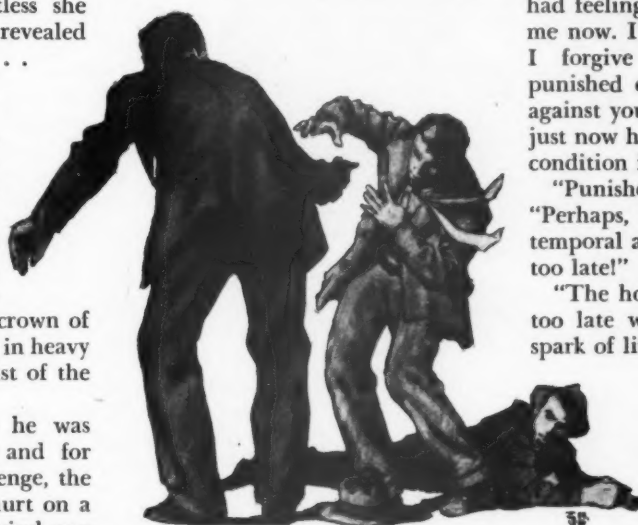
Presently, crossing the room, he phoned to Dr. Sugerman. Would he come at once, or send a specialist?

. . . The case was desperately urgent. Lestrangle had apparently overheard the message. "Who are you, then? . . . You said you were a doctor," he asked faintly.

"A voice from the past, whose existence you've probably forgotten." He crossed to the bedside and spoke calmly. "Yes, I was a doctor—Peter Jordan."

Lestrangle turned his sightless eyes in the direction of the voice.

"Forgotten you, Jordan? How could I ever forget, since it has blasted my life as I tried to wreck



As he stumbled to a fall, he heard a loud report, saw a swift gleam of metal

you? I didn't know you were free." He sank back, spent, but after a spell motioned the doctor to his side. "Listen,"—Jordan bent low to hear the halting whispered words,— "three years ago I tried to end it all—but most of the buckshot glanced off my eyes. Afterwards I—I confessed—to my wife—"

"And left it at that, of course?"

Lestrangle nodded. "We'd been drinking heavily that night, Baxter and I. I owed him money, more than I could hope to pay until my father died. He had me in his power . . . taunted me . . . tried by innuendoes to tarnish the name of the sweet woman who had consented to marry me. I shot him then, but my mind acted swiftly when fate sent you to my aid. As you lay unconscious when you fell, I pressed my revolver in your hand, wrapped your fingers round the butt, then discharged Baxter's, twice. I wore gloves that night. The fingerprints condemned you."

"And then you were married?"

"Yes, a marriage that has been a living lie, an empty sham. How could we find happiness . . . under the shadow of a crime?"

"Your wife shielded you, after you—you confessed?"

"Yes, forgetting that peace can never be found in a mutual guilt—that sin should never seek to compromise. I adopted my wife's name and tried to disappear."

"Listen." Jordan stood up to leave. "When the Providence I'd ceased to believe in drew me to your aid, I had feelings in my heart that shame me now. I want you to believe that I forgive you. You have been punished enough; I harbor no evil against you. What I've done for you just now has merely eased you. Your condition is very serious."

"Punished?" said Lestrangle feebly. "Perhaps, but I've not made even temporal amends. God grant it's not too late!"

"The hour of repentance is never too late while there yet remains a spark of life. Good-by, and may God bring you peace. Tell Dr. Sugerman the facts, if you wish. He's president of the medical board."

Lestrangle groped for Jordan's hand and pressed it feebly. "I'll make a full confession and insist on your reinstatement."

Later, a lean gray figure carrying a black case, from whose face the lines of care had been smoothed as by some magical hand, emerged from the Church of the Holy Name into the falling dusk of a glamorous summer evening. The world had suddenly been transformed, it seemed, for he felt a young man now. He was still under forty, he told himself, had an affectionate wife; a new lease of professional life lay in prospect and he wasn't a whit too old to make a new start. He had completed his sentence, was fully emancipated now. As he gazed up at a diamond-studded sky, he rejoiced that he was free at last—body and soul—with a battle still to fight and strength to make a victory sure. The past he could now forget.

The priest laid aside his stole and swept out, soon after, through the sacristy door into the violet shadows of the summer night.

He had another soul to save . . . and time was pressing hard.



Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins and George Brent in a scene from the Vitagraph production, "The Old Maid"

STAGE AND SCREEN

By JERRY COTTER

ON THE threshold of the 1939-1940 theatrical season, play-goers and the theatre folk themselves are again asking that apparently unanswerable question—"Just what is wrong with the theatre?" There are as many remedies offered to cure the theatre's ills as those volunteered to a hiccough sufferer, yet the fact remains that the theatre is still in a far from healthy state.

Taxes, labor difficulties, competition from Hollywood, the policies of the New Deal and the threat of war are among the more popular of the current crop of alibis for poor theatre business. What is overlooked is the fact that none of these ogres has any appreciable effect on the success of a really worthwhile production.

Witness for example some of last season's more popular plays. *Outward Bound* opened in December for what was expected to be a short run. So excellent was the staging, the direction and the performances that it developed into a theatrical bonanza and ran for over six months. The popular acclaim which greeted Robert Emmett Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* was the result of a combination of inspired writing and acting and more than just a bit of clever showmanship in capitalizing on the popularity of themes with a patriotic angle. *The Philadelphia Story* became a hit because audiences enjoyed the witty dialogue and the fast pace which Playwright Philip Barry set. In addition to its chuckles, however, it also contained the basic requisites of a successful play. It had something to say; and it was developed by artisans adept at playmaking.

The nation's current economical predicament has naturally contributed a great deal to the financial difficulties in which the theatre finds itself. Add to that the competition of Hollywood's mass production methods and you have two of the theatre's most throbbing headaches. The situation in regard to Hollywood has actually reached the point where Broadway is considered the

cinema city's eastern showcase and a training ground for talent. Actors, playwrights and directors in nine cases out of ten do their Broadway chores in the fervent hope that Hollywood eyes will be watching and smiling approval.

Competition and adverse business conditions, however, will not kill the legitimate theatre. Public apathy is the only force powerful enough to accomplish that. Whether or not such indifference to the theatre is to grow or diminish depends entirely on the theatrical workers themselves. Slipshod methods of production, questionable themes and incompetent craftsmen will not provide the remedy for dwindling box office receipts.

This summer, operettas and revivals of popular musical plays of the past, proved highly successful in Louisville, St. Louis, Denver and Washington. Broadway might find in such a venture the key to a renewed interest in the drama. A tried and true production is usually less of a gamble than a dark horse, and far too many of the theatre's recent dark horses have found themselves out of the running practically at the start of the race.

An industry which is capable of producing an inspired *Outward Bound*, a splendid experimental play-form as in the case of *Our Town*, or such excellent formula plays as *The Philadelphia Story*, the musical revue *One for the Money* or the Shakespearean revivals of Maurice Evans, should not have much difficulty in eliminating from its schedules the "one-week" and sometimes "one-performance" shows which have done more to alienate the general public than any number of Hollywood super-specials or New Deal taxes.

* * * *

The passing of the Federal Theatre Project, despite the pyrotechnic display of its sympathizers, left many a dry eye in the theatrical world. Although admirable in theory, the project left much to be desired in actual

practice. Experienced players who should have benefited by the plan found themselves sidetracked by politically favored amateurs. In many instances it provided a golden opportunity to crash the theatrical gates at government expense. The result was a hodge-podge of unprofessional performances through which many an audience squirmed.

A more serious trend, though less evident to the casual observer, was the tendency to use the WPA stages as glorified soap-boxes for the dissemination of propaganda coated with the appellation of Art. It was unfortunate that many industrious and conscientious workers had to be deprived of the opportunity of working at the tasks they enjoy most. But the challenge which the activities of the Project implied could not have been adequately met in any other way.

The summer season being what it is in New York, perhaps we should not expect too much from the usual influx of between-season musical revues. Certainly the three which arrived on the scene while most of Broadway was courting the Muse in barnyard and hayloft, leave much to be desired.

A cast of Viennese refugees lend a light-hearted air to the proceedings in their revue, called appropriately enough, *FROM VIENNA*. No matter how much one may sympathize with their plight in being forced from homes and jobs, the fact remains that the revue falls short of the American standard for this type of production. Surprisingly there is little rancor to be found in their vehicle, but also little that is clever or unusual. It can be summed up as a valiant attempt by a talented group to propel themselves into Broadway's front rank.

YOKEL BOY and *THE STREETS OF PARIS* are typically light and summery. So light in the case of the former, that there is all froth and no substance, aside from the eccentric dancing and gyrations of the star, talented Buddy Ebsen. Judy Canova, the radio hill-billy, contributes her stint for the benefit of those who still find an Ozark accent entertaining. A succession of vaudeville acts held together by a thin story thread, it does not offer much entertainment value.

The Streets of Paris is enjoying a profitable run chiefly because of the antics of the radio comics Abbott and Costello and the introduction of the South American singer, Carmen Miranda. Their talents alone do not offer sufficient compensation for many of the entirely unnecessary and unamusing interludes which have been included.

Footprints on the sands of time are being eagerly scanned by Hollywood's storytellers in their feverish efforts to find suitable dramatic material. The passing of time usually adds an aureate glow to the lives of history's great. And if time doesn't, Hollywood does.

The great, near-great and sometimes the notorious have their personal histories and their public achievements polished and moulded to fit the Hollywood pattern and the particular player available for the part. But rather than complain too much about the fact that studio versions of events and characters often do not coincide with the



Three scenes from "Beau Geste." Above: Robert Preston, Gary Cooper and Ray Milland, who play the leading roles



Brian Donlevy as Markoff and Harvey Stephens as Lieutenant Martin



A stirring moment in the Paramount production, "Beau Geste"

findings and records of historians, we should perhaps be thankful that at least the industry recognizes that its scope is not confined to the mental gymnastics of Clifford Odets on the left and Damon Runyon or Zane Grey on the other side. At least the basis of reform seems to be present and the portrayal of these historical characters quite possibly may lead to a renewed interest by audiences in the eras they represent.

What if Jesse James does reappear in the handsome person of the current matinee idol, or if Queen Elizabeth makes her first entrance embellished with a brand-new set of Max Factor de luxe eyelashes? These are irritations we can overlook with pleasure, if it means surcease from the seemingly endless succession of boy-meets-girl, Shirley-saves-the-regiment and Cinderella-becomes-movie-star themes.

One reason for the producer's renewed interest in things historical is the sad ending to their ventures into the realm of contemporary history. Unable to present an unbiased account of the current political scene, they found that their carefully nurtured bubble of patriotic-propaganda films had burst before it had developed sufficiently to be profitable. A people weary of the bombardment of propaganda through press and radio failed to respond when Hollywood unfurled the flag and its own particular brand of patriotism.

And so it was back to yesteryear for screen material. Waiting on the sidelines for an official stamp of approval we find an oddly assorted group selected from history's grab-bag: Madame Curie, Stephen Foster, Lawrence of Arabia, Teddy Roosevelt, Thomas Edison, Rudolph Valentino, Jenny Lind, the Wright brothers, Buffalo Bill, the Brontë sisters and John Dillinger, the twentieth-century Jesse James. Two productions are scheduled portraying the career of the Fighting Chaplain of the 69th Regiment, Father Duffy; and a screen version of John Farrow's powerful story of the *Saint of Molokai*, Father Damien, is also announced.

In the lives of the above-mentioned there is much that is suitable for screen adaptation, and with the resources at their command there remains little doubt but that the studios will do a creditable job. At the same time we cannot help but wonder at a few of the omissions. Why not the dramatic and inspiring story of Joan of Arc? A true version of the life and voyage of Christopher Columbus? Does Hollywood believe that George Washington was purely a myth and that Abraham Lincoln was the only one of our great presidents to stand for democratic principles? And isn't there a vast audience waiting for a remake of the greatest story of all time—the Life of Christ? It seems strange that some of these subjects are overlooked in view of their dramatic possibilities and undoubtedly wide appeal.

Among the more important of the late summer screen offerings are the following:

THE OLD MAID—In spite of the fact that it follows the pattern of the Zoe Akins' playscript more closely than do most motion picture versions of hit plays, this develops into a rather slow-paced, dull production relieved only by the brilliance of another Bette Davis performance. As a Pulitzer Prize winning play, the Edith Wharton story seemed more vital and compelling than in its present form. Quite possibly the fault lies

with Director Goulding's attempt to create sympathy for both of his principal characters, when that point should have been sacrificed for dramatic effectiveness. The story revolves around two cousins, Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, and the illegitimate child of Miss Davis. Brought up as the daughter of the married cousin, the conflict is the result of the real mother's desire to inform her daughter of the truth and the foster mother's attempt to preserve the status quo.

The background and the settings of the Civil War and Victorian periods are lavishly and realistically interpreted. Bette Davis justifies her supporters' claim to screen immortality with another eloquently touching portrayal. Strong support is given her by Miriam Hopkins, George Brent and Jane Bryan.

BEAU GESTE—The adventures of the Geste brothers who left England and home to join the French Foreign Legion can still be counted as thrilling screen fare. Although much of the edge has worn off P. C. Wren's story since it first made its bow in the realm of popular adventure fiction, some especially effective work by Director William Wellman and the cast makes you overlook the more obvious portions of the plot.

Emphasis has been placed on the melodramatic incidents which occur in the isolated desert fort. The colorful desert panoramas and the stirring Arab attack on the post highlight the production. Gary Cooper as the gallant Beau adds much to the picture's appeal, but it is Brian Donlevy as the brutal commanding officer who rates the lion's share of the acting honors.

Paramount deserves a salvo of applause for bringing the Geste boys back at this time. After so many news reports of air-raid precautions and appeasement and aggression and possible *Anschluss*, it is a pleasant relief to get away from it all and relax the nervous system viewing a blood-curdling Arab raid. Nice, too, to know that all the "dead" Arabs and Legionnaires were able to stand up and brush themselves off when the director called time for lunch.

THE WIZARD OF OZ—Excursions into the fantastic have not been among Hollywood's most successful efforts. It is all the more surprising to find that in "The Wizard of Oz," the combination of technical perfection and clever adaptation has resulted in a film which can be classed as Grade A entertainment for adults as well as children.

The effects achieved by the technical staff are all the more amazing considering the fact that such characters as The Tin Woodman (Jack Haley), The Scarecrow (Ray Bolger) and The Cowardly Lion (Bert Lahr) obtain the desired effects from the make-up box rather than through the use of masks. Color photography reaches a new high in the scenes in the garden of Oz and The Emerald City.

In addition to the startling technical perfection, the film owes much of its value to the realistic make-believe of its principal players. Frank Morgan is the Wizard, Judy Garland plays Dorothy, and Billie Burke is The Good Witch. They all enter into the spirit of the thing with much fervor and enthusiasm.

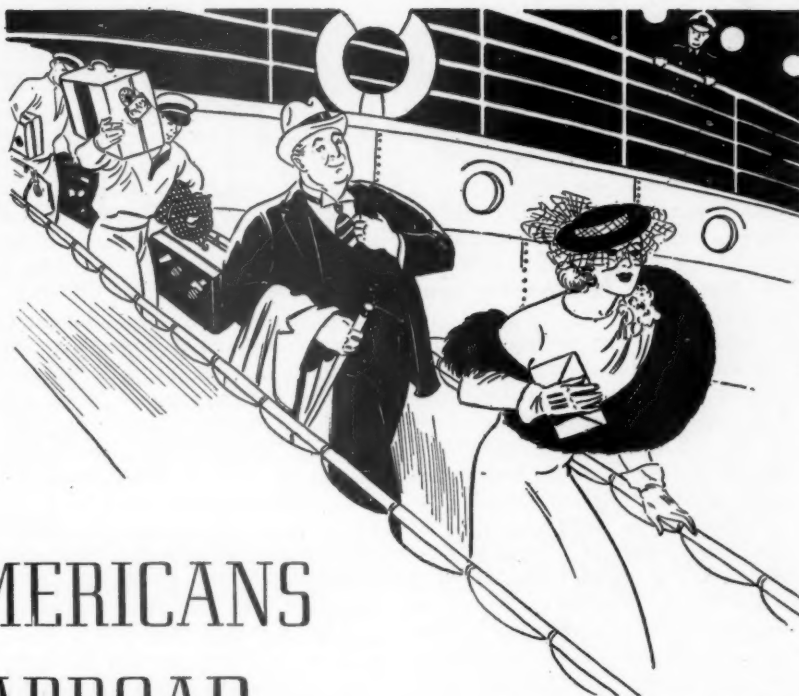
The children will like *Wizard of Oz* for the story it tells. Adults will find in it some very clever satire, music with a lilt and entertainment off the beaten track.

POSTERITY, they tell us, is man's greatest care, and accustomed as we English are to having the point rubbed well home by our politicians trying to excuse their iniquitous taxation, the saying may perhaps be taken as practically proved. Only it is gravely to be argued whether, given a certain amount of leisure and cash, an even stronger human foible may not be the urge for ancestry. Postulated a man retired from business and with anything of a fortune, it will be an even assumption that his first care will be to be measured for a suitable coat-of-arms and an ancestry really worthy of himself to go with the thing.

In this respect America is well to the fore, and every east-bound liner each year brings over its scores of passengers just running across to look up their pedigrees. A quick race they are, and the British Museum officials are well used to enthusiasts who drop in just for half an hour to turn up the file in which the ancestry is doubtlessly recorded.

All their people of course went over on the *Mayflower*, and really some authority ought to set up an office in New York to explain that with a ship that must have been so large, a half hour's search may be insufficient to hunt out with any accuracy the precise number of the stateroom occupied by the ancestor. Some of these people, indeed, seem to think that for a fee of a dollar or so any competent genealogist ought to be able to dig up the name of the *Mayflower* steward lucky enough to have waited upon the ancestor.

There are of course Americans and in plenty who have nothing to learn about the business, who thoroughly appreciate the technical difference between a genealogist and a geologist, and who appreciate the laborious weeks and months and perhaps years of research that may have to be put into the sport of spotting the ancestor. But then there are the others, and an enclosure of a dollar note with the request that for this honorarium a "good pedigree"



Decorations by WILLIAM SMITH

AMERICANS ABROAD

By JOHN GIBBONS

may be forwarded by return comes without the faintest surprise to any experienced English searcher. There are even cases where this sort of money is expected to include a box or so of crested note-paper.

But the lady who merely asked for some picture postcards of one of the stately homes of historic England set down in the reference books as being inhabited by a great family of her own surname broke, I think, entirely fresh ground. And I sincerely trust that the coveted post-cards may have enhanced her social position at home in the United States. It seemed, by the way, a superfluous cruelty to tell her that the English great family had not for years been able to inhabit their own historic home, and that in point of fact it was rented to wealthy Americans.

One point in this sort of connection which strikes the Englishman is the tremendous enthusiasm and very often real knowledge displayed by our summer visitors as to the buildings and history of his own country, of which conversely the average Englishman's ignorance is stupendous. Once indeed I knew an Englishman of the class that called itself "edu-

cated." More, the man was a journalist and actually wrote for the papers. And sometimes they even printed it. Scenting a story in the business of the man with the megaphone conducting charabanc-parties of Americans round the outskirts of London, he persuaded a travel bureau to take him on for one day.

Glorious Windsor Castle, historic Hampton Court, and the silvery Thames were duly allotted as his beat, and it was pointed out to him that as his route led past Runnymede (where the Magna Carta was signed) he and his megaphone were expected to throw in a few words about that too. And hurriedly cramming up the Magna Carta (the Palladium of English Liberties) in the Encyclopedia (printed in New York City, U. S. A.) off he accordingly started keen upon his task.

Glorious Windsor Castle, of course, presented few difficulties. The thing could simply not be missed. Nor could one overlook the silvery Thames. Runnymede, however, stood in rather a different category, in so far as it probably looked precisely like any other field. And thinking it over during the luncheon interval, the antiquarian enthusiast decided to be upon the safe side and to give the charabanc driver half a dollar to toot his horn

three times when the vehicle reached Magna Carta Meadow. It was, of course, a bit of bad luck that a traffic block in Datchet High Street caused a little misunderstanding and that it was therefore outside a perfectly ordinary public house that the famous lecture was delivered on Magna Carta and the national liberties of the English races. And this, of course, was the miserable man's own country.

Against this sort of thing, the enthusiasm of the average American tourist comes out in striking contrast, and if indeed it can delicately be hinted that your country folk have any defects at all one would only say that they occasionally permit this very enthusiasm slightly to over-run itself. Witness, for instance, the American lady whom it was my happy fortune to meet in an English train. A genuine enthusiast on our ancient historic buildings, she was touring our country at what seemed to me rather high pressure. The very evening before our meeting she had done historic old Durham, and even though she had done it in the dark, yet undubitably done it was. In the morning, again, she had done historic old York and had, I regret to say, carried away, an extremely unfavorable impression of the City of St. Paulinus. Her travel-coupon, it appeared, had entitled her to "eggs" for breakfast, whereas a rapacious hotelkeeper had sat her down to one egg only, pretending that the balance was preserved by the throwing-in of a totally uncovenanted kipper.

Ignoring this incident, however, she had with all the enthusiasm of the true antiquary hurried on to do her duty by historic old Lincoln, and was now on her way to historic old Peterborough.

I never ventured to point out to her that my own little town on the same line also had its associations, or the lady might have conceived the idea of working that in too. Even the antiquary has his private life, and my wife waiting at our station might easily have misconstrued the situation.

Sneers of course come easy, and against this little story one might tell quite a score of tales of the sincere enthusiasm of Americans for what to so many of them remains the Old Country. Ireland, of course, shares in the thing, and in one year

only no less than four liners have put into Galway crowded with Americans all anxious to revisit the Land of their Fathers. In many cases they will come year after year to dig up this old Parish Register here or explore those old Wills there. And every year thousands and tens of thousands of dollars will be poured out—and largely into hands unworthy—for the tracing of American pedigrees in England or Ireland. Truly this desire to find a root in countries that too often have been parents but unfriendly must be taken as a minor miracle of our age.

To the habitual museum-searcher too comes America but in another guise. For such a man may have the job of helping to answer the thousand-and-one queries that week by week pour into the English newspapers of the type that profess to answer every question asked. So a paragraph, for instance, in the daily press to the effect that a first edition of, say, *Pilgrim's Progress* has fetched so many thousands of dollars in the London salesrooms will be followed

who would give thousands if only they knew of my book."

Years ago, again, when I was first introduced by letter to that famous artist, Mr. Del, I was frankly puzzled. Familiarity since has made us firm friends, and today I recognize him at a glance as the "delineavit" of old prints. So-and-so painted the picture, you know, and so-and-somebody else engraved it from the painting. Only they used to put it in contracted Latin, and so my dear old Mr. Del together with his partners, manages to "sign" most of the "valuable old paintings" about which people write to the papers.

With this last memory, by the way, marches that of the famous portrait of Nelson, a picture worth its thousands of dollars, being signed indeed by no less an artist than *Pears Annual*, an English Christmas Illustrated that often reproduced famous pictures. The point of course was that a real Nelson picture had occupied its paragraphs in the newspapers of the day and had so aroused the cupidity of my unfortunate correspondent. Then half these people too will ask for the address of Messrs. Christie, the famous London auctioneers, and indeed I often used to wonder if the great firm sufficiently realized its obligations to me in sending on other people's letters. What, for instance, did they make of one picture of a "Noble Lady"? For the man didn't even try to describe it, didn't even tell us that it was by Rubens out of Chromo. The eyes, he just said, were "very noble; also the nose." My correspondent of course felt that the Eyes had it, but Messrs. Christies' opinion I never knew.

And then there was that other connoisseur who wrote that for years she had had some "very valuable old paintings lying under her bed," that now that her husband was out of work was, she realized, the time to sell them (presumably to some wealthy American), and that accordingly she had raked them out and given them a "right-down, thorough-good scrubbing." They looked, she added brightly, "quite different now," and asked as usual for Messrs. Christies' address.

How things may be in your country I do not know, but the ignorance of some of us English is simply appalling. Poor, poor Christian martyrs!!



by a perfect snow storm of letters from correspondents who also possess copies of Bunyan's immortal work. All are obviously "very old indeed," since all contain pictures of Elstow Church as it stood in the sixteen hundreds, while sometimes indeed a kindly publisher has thrown in a copy of the author's "Last Dying Words," a little addition clearly sending up the price to be asked from "the rich Americans

The SIGN-POST

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Praying for One Dying in Mortal Sin

When one knows for a fact that a person died in the state of mortal sin, would it be of any use to offer up prayers and Masses in his behalf?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

Prayers and Masses have no effect on those who die in mortal sin. Such souls are lost forever. It would be sacrilegious to offer prayers for damned souls. But no one can know for a fact that any soul leaves the body in the state of mortal sin, unless God reveals it. He alone knows most certainly the secrets of hearts. Externally, indeed, in a certain case, all the evidence may lead one to conclude that a soul dies in mortal sin, but this is not the same thing as actually dying in such a state. There is generally room to doubt whether an individual has actually passed out of this life of probation with the guilt of mortal sin on his soul. And for this reason prayers and Masses may be offered for those who externally died without true repentance, but in the case of those who died under sentence of excommunication and were deprived of ecclesiastical burial Mass may be celebrated only in a private manner (that is, known only to the celebrant or one or two others). There may have been a turning of the will to God and true repentance under the wonderful operation of divine grace before the soul quit the body. Though the hope of their repentance may be very slight, it is enough ground for thinking that our prayers and Masses are not certainly ineffectual.

List of Fast Days

Please give me a list of fast days which Catholics are absolutely obliged to keep regardless of age and other conditions, except sickness.—MASS.

This question is somewhat involved. Fasting is distinct from abstinence. The law of fast, which allows but one full meal a day, with a morsel of food in the morning and a small collation in the evening, begins to oblige at the completion of the twenty-first year

and ceases to oblige at the end of the fifty-ninth year. Abstinence, which forbids meat and the juice of meat, but not eggs, fish and milk products, begins to oblige at the end of the seventh year but does not cease to oblige by reason of age. There are abstinence days only, like Fridays outside Lent; abstinence and fast days, as Fridays in Lent; and fast days only, as weekdays other than Fridays and the Ember Days in Lent. What you probably have in mind is the "Workingmen's Indult," which is usually proclaimed by the Bishop in the Lenten Regulations. This Indult permits the Bishop to dispense workingmen and their families from the common law of abstinence on all days of the year, except Fridays, Ash Wednesday, the Vigil of Christmas and the forenoon of Holy Saturday.

Catholic Populations of Boston, Chicago, New York

What are the Catholic populations of Boston, Chicago and New York?—MASS.

According to the statistics given in *The Official Catholic Directory* for 1939, Boston has 1,027,000 Catholics; Chicago 1,400,000; and New York 1,000,000. These figures are approximate and represent the Catholic population of the respective archdioceses, and not merely the number of Catholics in the cities of the same name.

Anti-Semitism Unchristian

I hate the Jews, though I do not harm them or wish that any injury happen to them. I simply don't want to have anything to do with them. Is this attitude sinful and should it be confessed?—NEW YORK.

The virtue of Christian charity obliges us to love all men as our neighbors. No one may be excluded. We must love even our enemies, those who hate and injure us. The love of our neighbor must be affective and effective. "We ought to love our neighbor by in-

ward and outward acts, that is, we ought to pardon his offenses, avoid causing him loss, injury or scandal, and help him in his needs so far as we can, especially by the corporal and spiritual works of mercy." (*Catholic Catechism*, Gasparri). Fraternal charity does not oblige us to do violence to our reason or senses—to love the bad habits, dispositions or deeds of our neighbor. Evil is evil and faults are faults even in Christian morals, but fraternal charity loves the *person* of the neighbor despite his faults. Consequently, hatred of Jews because they are Jews is true anti-Semitism and in itself gravely sinful. As such it must be confessed, because grave offenses against our neighbor are grave offenses against God, which deprive us of His grace and friendship.

But to hate what are real faults, or what we in good faith judge to be real faults, is not unchristian or anti-Semitic, though we ought to be certain of our judgments and consider that defects are not limited to one people by any means. To regard certain people with a prejudiced eye is dangerous to Christian charity. Christians must love their neighbors "as themselves." On the other hand, some individuals use the word "hate" in a very loose sense to denote a spontaneous dislike towards persons and things, which in itself is no sin, because it is involuntary. That such a natural antipathy is not "hate" is made clear by the expression that they neither wish harm nor do harm to their neighbors. Nevertheless, such motions of antipathy should be regulated, lest they degenerate into serious violations of charity.

Church and Slavery

Will you please explain the Church's refusal to condemn slavery (vide Belloc's article in the March issue of THE SIGN), in view of the doctrine that each individual must be free to seek his own salvation? How does the Church reconcile her view on slavery with her condemnation of totalitarianism, with its complete subjection of the individual to the will of the State?—NEW YORK.

When the Church appeared upon the earthly scene, slavery was in possession practically over all the world. Confusion and anarchy would have resulted from an abrupt interference with the established order. We have but to refer to our Civil War, as a case in point. The Church took a better line, in conformity with the teaching of her Master. She transformed society by teaching the spiritual equality of all men before God, where there is neither bond nor free. This doctrine taught masters to regard their servants as brothers in Christ, and slaves that they should reverence and obey their masters, as the Lord. This is the teaching of the New Testament. When this teaching was accepted, masters were prepared to free their slaves, almost as a matter of course. The Gospel does not urge to a violent revolution but to a gradual transformation, like leaven that works silently throughout the whole lump. When the spirit of the Gospel with its religious equality reigned throughout Christendom, the essence of slavery was practically dissolved, though mercenary traffickers in human beings managed to survive until the nineteenth century. Even today traffic in slaves is

still going on in some parts of the world, as missionaries testify. This was particularly true of Ethiopia. The Popes, who have ever been the champions of human rights, have on more than one occasion protested against slavery and the slave trade, the last being Leo XIII in a letter to the bishops of Brazil. (*The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. XIV, "Slavery").

There is really no parallel between the ancient institution of slavery and the modern totalitarian state. According to the New Testament, slavery, though an affront to human dignity, was compatible with spiritual freedom, but in the totalitarian state spiritual freedom is either unwarrantedly circumscribed or wholly denied. The state usurps authority in the spiritual order, which does not belong to her.

White Fathers: Disappearance of Jesus: Missing Part of Mass

(1) Who are the White Fathers and what is their belief? (2) On what grounds do some religious sects base their belief that Christ disappeared from the time He was a child, until after His thirtieth year? (3) If a person is late for one of the principal parts of the Mass, does he fulfil his obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday, if he stays until he hears that part of the following Mass? Or must he hear another complete Mass?—WASHINGTON, D. C.

(1) The Missionaries of Our Lady of Africa, of Algeria, commonly known as the White Fathers because of the color of their habit, is a society of secular priests and coadjutor brothers living in community. It was founded by Cardinal Lavigerie, the first Archbishop of Algeria, in 1868, for the immediate care and instruction of Arab children orphaned by the famine of 1867. Its general purpose is the conversion of all Africa.

(2) Disappeared from where? We cannot make anything out of this.

(3) In order to satisfy the precept, the Consecration and the Communion should be in one and the same Mass. If a notable part is missed, e.g., all up to the Offertory, or all up to the Gospel and all after the Communion, that amount of another Mass should be heard, if possible. The precept obliges the faithful to assist at an *entire* Mass, and the omission of a notable part of the Mass entails the grave obligation to make it up in another Mass.

Mixed Marriage in Church

Considerable discussion was aroused over a recent mixed marriage, which was performed in a Catholic church. Some believed that no mixed marriage could be celebrated in church, but had to be held in the priest's house. Is this true?—CONN.

The law in the matter is contained in Canons 1109, n. 3, and 1102, n. 2. The first canon prescribes that a marriage between a Catholic party and a non-Catholic party shall be celebrated *extra ecclesiam*—outside the church; but if the Ordinary prudently judges that this cannot be observed without causing graver evils, it is left to his prudent judgment to dispense from this provision, with due regard to Canon 1102, n. 2. The latter canon says that in mixed marriages the questions

about the consent of the parties must be asked, as in the case of Catholic marriages, but all sacred rites are forbidden. If, however, the Ordinary foresees that graver evils will arise if this prohibition is carried out, he may allow some of the customary ceremonies, but the celebration of Mass is always forbidden. Nuptial Mass is reserved to Catholic marriage. Permission to celebrate mixed marriage within the church is rare—at least in this part of the country—and granted only in exceptional cases.

Jesus and Judas

If Jesus knew that Judas was about to betray Him, why didn't He prevent him, or at least admonish him? He was the Good Shepherd Who professed to have the greatest interest in the sheep who strayed from the fold. Wasn't Judas' soul as good as other men's?—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Jesus knew from the beginning who they were who did not believe and who he was that would betray Him (John 6:65), but His foreknowledge of Judas' betrayal was not the cause of the latter's sin. Judas was led to betray Our Lord because of his culpable surrender to his unruly appetites. He was avaricious and ambitious. He thought that Jesus was a "temporal" Messiah, Who would restore political independence and worldly power to the Jewish people, and provide Judas with the opportunity of becoming rich. When he realized that his hope was not to be fulfilled, he decided to make friends with Jesus' enemies and gain money as well. But Jesus had warned him at Capharnaum a year before and also at other times, especially at the Last Supper, when He explicitly revealed that one of the apostles was about to betray Him. And when the traitor came into the Garden of Olives at the head of the band sent to apprehend Jesus and kissed Him, Our Lord expressed His keen disappointment in such accents as to move a heart of stone. But Judas had allowed Satan to enter into him and drive him to consummate his treachery, because in the beginning he had not heeded the warnings of Jesus and curbed his unholy passions. His call to the apostolate was, indeed, the occasion of his lamentable downfall, but it could have been utilized to his eternal renown. He failed. Our Lord did everything to save Judas, short of violating his free will, which God always respects. He has made us free to do either good or evil. If He took away our free will, He would also take away the condition of merit. We would not be men on trial struggling for a reward. Jesus is the Good Shepherd, but He saves only those who are willing to be saved. In Judas' case, He drew good out of evil, for the betrayal served the cause of our eternal redemption.

Rights of Archbishop

What authority, if any, has an archbishop over the suffragan bishops in his province?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The rights of jurisdiction of an archbishop or metropolitan over the dioceses of the ecclesiastical province are as follows: he can install one who has been presented for a benefice, if the suffragan bishop without just impediment neglects to do so within the time specified by law; he can grant one hundred days' in-

dulgence, as in his own diocese; he can appoint an administrator (vicar capitular) of a vacant diocese, in case the cathedral chapter (board of consultors) has neglected to do so within eight days; he watches over the observance of faith and ecclesiastical discipline and reports to the Pope abuses in these matters; he makes the canonical visitation of the dioceses, if the suffragans neglect this duty, after the Holy See has first judged the case; he receives appeals from the judicial sentences of the suffragans and acts as judge of second instance; he acts as judge of the first instance in cases concerning the rights or temporal goods of the bishop, in accordance with Canon 1572, n.2. (Canon 274).

Pride and Vanity

Some people hold that there is no such thing as pride without vanity. Personally I think that most of us are instinctively proud—not necessarily vain—that "touch-me-not" pride that is part of our very nature. Can this sort of pride be called vanity? I interpret vanity to be something of our own making.—JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Pride is an ordinate desire of one's own good. The inordinate desire to manifest one's excellence, either true or false, is called vainglory. When vainglory is exhibited in things of minor importance, as nice clothes, shapely fingernails, etc., it is called vanity. Vainglory and vanity are the effects of pride. Therefore they are distinct from pride in itself, though often united. Pride is sinful because it, like all other sins and vices, does not conform to right reason and due order. If, therefore, one has an ordinate or well-regulated desire of one's own good, to be what one should be in all things, and to act decently and according to the highest standards, he is not proud but manifesting proper self-love. In the natural order this is sometimes called self-respect. It is something that should be encouraged.

Church and Autopsies: Did Christ Condemn Birth Control?

(1) Is it true that the Catholic Church has ever been opposed to autopsies on the dead for the advancement of medical knowledge? (2) Did Christ specifically condemn birth control, or is the Church's teaching based on the premises of faith and morals?—WASHINGTON, D. C.

(1) There is a popular error that the Church was opposed to the advancement of medical science, and in proof it is asserted that Pope Boniface VIII (1294-1303) forbade the dissection of corpses and excommunicated those who did so. This error was popularized by that very biased and inaccurate book by Professor Andrew D. White, *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology*. The papal document which is alleged to have forbidden autopsies was concerned with Christian Burial, as its title, *De Sepulturis*, indicates. The practice had been introduced among the Crusaders in Palestine of "cutting up the bodies of the dead and barbarously boiling them, in order that the bones, being separated from the flesh, may be carried for burial into their own countries." Those who would dare to do this were declared excommunicated by the Pope. There was no intention to advance medical science by this barbarous practice but rather to facilitate the transfer of the bones of the dead. This is what the Pope con-

demned, as all decent men and civilized states would also condemn it. There was no question of autopsies here. (See *The Popes and Science*, by James J. Walsh, M. D.).

(2) Our Lord nowhere explicitly condemned birth control, but He did implicitly when He committed Christian Marriage to the custody of the Church, which He established to be His living voice, and of which He said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me" (Luke 10:16). The Church as guardian and interpreter of the natural and divine laws urges their fulfilment and prohibits their violation. Birth control—better *contraception*—is contrary to the natural law.

Degrees of Kindred

What is meant by the phrase, "within the third degree of kindred?"—GIRARDVILLE, PA.

Blood relationship is computed by lines and degrees. Lines designate the manner in which persons descend from the common stock, and degrees indicate the distance of that relationship. There are two lines—the direct and indirect, or collateral. In the direct line one person descends immediately from the other—e.g., father, son, grandson. In the indirect line persons do not descend from one another, but all can be traced back to a common progenitor. The direct line is like the trunk and the indirect line like the branches of a tree. Therefore, the third degree of kindred would be three generations removed from the common progenitor, not counting him. In the indirect or collateral line, the first degree would be brother and sister, the second degree their children (first cousins), and the third degree the latter's children, or second cousins. The impediment of consanguinity or blood relationship extends to the third degree of kindred in the collateral line, and to all degrees in the direct line.

Church in Denmark and Switzerland: Corpus Christi: Catholic Lawyer and Guilty Client

(1) What progress has the Catholic Church made in Denmark and Switzerland? (2) Should not Corpus Christi be made a holy day of precept in this country, as it is in Canada and other countries? (3) What is the obligation of a Catholic lawyer in defending a client whom he knows is guilty? May he be instrumental in getting his client free?—NEW YORK.

(1) Protestantism was forced on the people of Denmark during the Reformation. The general population at present is 3,722,000, of whom about 25,000 are Catholics. The outlook for more conversions is brighter now than for many years past. Switzerland allowed liberty of conscience since 1884. There are at present in Switzerland 1,677,317 Catholics out of a population of 4,175,000. (*Franciscan Almanac*, 1939).

(2) The First Plenary Council of Baltimore (1852) made Corpus Christi one of the holy days of obligation, but at the last Plenary Council (1884) this feast was not included among those "the observation of

which, considering the devotion of the faithful and public morals, can be more happily hoped for" and which the Council asked the Holy See to approve. In this country, the solemnity of Corpus Christi is transferred to the following Sunday by virtue of an Apostolic Indult (1885).

(3) A Catholic lawyer may not undertake to defend a civil case which he certainly knows to be unjust, but he may take a doubtful case. He may also defend an accused man in a criminal case, even though he knows that the latter is guilty, because the civil law requires that an accusation be legally proved before sentence is pronounced, and a lawyer is allowed to the defendant, so that his legal rights are protected and none but legal evidence be admitted. Of course, in this case the defense must be conducted in an honest way.

More Devotion to St. Patrick

Why don't we have more devotion to St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, for all we owe him in regard to our holy faith?—NEW YORK.

We presume that you refer to organized devotion, like the many novena devotions now held throughout the country. If devotion to St. Patrick is not to be confined to the seventeenth of March, it is up to the Irish people and those of Irish descent to reveal their desire to honor their patron more than they do. As a rule, devotion to the saints starts with the faithful.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

FATHER CRONIN ANSWERS MR. LUCEY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read with great interest Lawrence Lucey's article "Money, No. 1 Economic Problem," in the July issue of *THE SIGN*, taking issue with my monetary conservatism. I have long admired Mr. Lucey, though frequently disagreeing with him. At present, indeed, we seem to be going rapidly in opposite directions, for he is a convert to the theories of monetary reform, while the present writer is a convert from them.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate that he chose to criticize only the article published in the April issue of *THE SIGN*. This article professedly confined itself to a very limited segment of the monetary problem. It would have been far more satisfactory had Mr. Lucey seen fit to comment on my pamphlet, *The Social Prob-*

lem of Money, or, even better, the chapters on depressions and on money problems in *Economics and Society*. In these other works I offered certain objections, quite convincing I had hoped, to a number of points brought up in Mr. Lucey's article. In particular, had he read them, I feel that he would not have asserted that our present monetary system is capricious and uncontrolled, that banks issue fountain-pen money with nothing to back it, and that the one-hundred-percent-reserve theory is completely satisfactory. Certainly he would at least have answered the points raised against his position. Rather than repeat what has been stated elsewhere, I should like to make here only a few comments on his article. They must be brief and hence apparently dogmatic, lest I impose too much on the good nature of the editor.

1. The division between the monetary approach and the industrial democracy approach appears to be incomplete. A third position is possible, namely, one which deals with even more fundamental problems—such as the concentration of corporate wealth, the rigidity of industrial prices, and the failure of savings to be invested—without overstressing either the labor viewpoint or the money viewpoint.

2. The implied argument from authority is nullified by the weight of equally good authorities on the other side. It would be safe to say, for example, that very many economists do not follow Professor Fisher. Again, one could admire R. D. Skinner's penetrating analysis of debt (as I do) without feeling that the debt problem is to be laid exclusively at the door of the bankers. One can agree that money is very important, without holding that it is a problem.

3. Mr. Lucey's argument based on the amount of bank deposits might well be a boomerang. It happens that total bank deposits and total demand deposits (usually only demand deposits are considered credit money—they constitute about half the total bank deposits) today are almost at the 1928 level. Yet twelve million men are unemployed. Since, however, there is some correlation between the amount of deposits and business conditions, this point may not be pressed too far. But it is my opinion, explained elsewhere, that declining deposits are effects, not causes, of the business slump. If this is so, then monetary reform may be necessary. We do not smash thermometers during heat waves. The key problem with bank deposits is not the amount of money, but the velocity of its circulation. Billions in idle money do business no good. But failure of money to circulate is a result largely of non-monetary conditions. With bank earnings reaching toward the vanishing point, it seems a bit far-fetched to feel that banks have a passion for suicide, and indulge it by provoking depressions.

4. Bankers today groan over an alleged excessive federal control, yet outsiders continue to speak of private control of money. The Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, the Comptroller of the Currency, and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation have and exercise the power rigidly to scrutinize detailed and minute policies of almost every important bank in the nation. Since 1935 the combined power of these three agencies has been overwhelming. Only the fact that it is divided among them prevents us

from having a central bank as unified and powerful as any in the world. Yet these authorities are arms of the federal government, not responsible in any important way to any private bank. It may also be remarked that the international aspect of the currency problem is taken care of by the Secretary of the Treasury. This is not arbitrary and irresponsible private control of money.

For these reasons, I still feel that the study of money problems is not equivalent to getting down to fundamentals. These fundamentals appear rather to be the points stressed in number one above.

BALTIMORE, MD.

(REV.) JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

REFORM IN QUEBEC

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I find Dr. Styles' attack on my article puzzling in the extreme: it consists of a series of unsupported statements without any refutation of the principal points made by myself, which were:

(1) Mr. Duplessis' government is not Fascist; the Fascist party is numerically very small and unimportant. (2) The two Acts discussed in the article represent an important advance in the field of labor relations.

Dr. Styles' argument seems to be:

(1) He lives in Quebec and knows more about it than an "immature observer" like myself. (2) It is not true that only Communists have attacked the Padlock Act. (3) The Fair Wage Act has not been in force for eighteen months, and is not all I think it. (4) Mr. Duplessis has outlawed C. I. O. activities.

My answer is:

(1) I live on the border of Quebec, have spent a good deal of time in that Province, and have been absorbed completely in work for social justice for some time—I have been editing "Canada's only Catholic labor paper," *The Social Forum*, for a year now.

(2) I never said that only Communists attacked the Padlock Act; I said that attacks on it had been "evidently propagandist." They have, except as regards the Attorney-General's summary powers, which I pointed out as a flaw in the Act. Most police measures have the same flaw. As far as the Act's constitutionality is concerned, as Dr. Styles says, that is a matter for the Appeal Courts. At the time I wrote my article the case was not *sub judice*. The lower courts, as Dr. Styles will remember, agreed with my original statement, as have several prominent English-speaking jurists.

(3) The last section (38) of the Fair Wage Act reads: "This Act shall come into force on the 1st of September, 1937"—just eighteen months before I submitted my article to THE SIGN. The enforcement of any such Act is a difficult job; I quoted the sections which make enforcement possible. I can quote for Dr. Styles at least three court cases within the last few months where action has been taken under the Act.

(4) Dr. Styles' comments on the C. I. O. in Quebec seem hardly relevant to the argument re my article; I should be glad to write another on the C. I. O. in Canada as a whole, and may perhaps have time to do so, one day. I might remind Dr. Styles of Ontario's attitude to the C. I. O. and that some of the extended agreements in Quebec are with C. I. O. unions. Nat-

urally, Mr. Duplessis prefers the Catholic syndicates; as (apparently) do most French-Canadians.

A less immature observer than myself used almost exactly my words in speaking of Quebec labor legislation as "advanced and far-sighted"; his name is David Dubinsky.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

ROBERT FAY.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Robert Fay's attempt to make Quebec loom as a leader in labor reform by way of fair wage and other progressive reforms is quite contrary to the facts. The WPA paid American skilled laborers prevailing union wages so that, in many instances, skilled craftsmen, averaging ten hours weekly, earned permissible relief allowances of about \$20.00 weekly. Even under the newly proposed WPA regulations, the average wage would still be seventy-one cents an hour which we have no hesitation in stating represents a 100 per cent increase over prevailing wages paid skilled labor in Quebec.

What of the unemployed skilled worker in Quebec during the years of state legislation? Whether the married unemployed was skilled or unskilled, white collar worker or otherwise, he was paid a flat one dollar and seventy-five cents weekly, with half allowance for children, during his enforced idleness. If a day's job was accepted, he was removed from the relief roll. To illustrate how Mr. Fay's so-called progressive Quebec Government treats the unemployed, it should be known that if a man accepted any kind of temporary work, he was removed from the relief roll, but he was confronted with the situation—when and if again becoming unemployed and a potential applicant for relief—of facing starvation with his family for a period equivalent to the time his revenue from work represented in unearned relief payment.

Thus a worker accepting a laboring job at twenty cents hourly (the prevailing wage level in Quebec) would, if working two weeks, have received \$19.20 for his 96 hours of labor, but would not become again eligible for government relief until the expiration of over three and a half weeks, if his family consisted of a wife and two children. And as for the unemployed single man, they receive no government relief, since they must shift for themselves in Quebec! And this is the Province which Mr. Robert Fay holds forth as an example for enlightened progressive states to follow! The only explanation one can conjecture for the writing of "Reform in Quebec" is propaganda for the Duplessis government—a fact substantiated in my mind by the inclusion of a photograph of the Premier of Quebec.

MONTREAL, P. Q.

GEORGE E. CAHILL.

KATHERINE BURTON AND ENID DINNIS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Would it not be possible to give two pages to the very worthwhile monthly contribution of Mrs. Burton? She has the rare gift of gently but firmly hitting the nail squarely upon the head in her "Woman to Woman" page. There are so many nails these days.

Also particularly fine are the stories by Enid Dinnis. Their delicate note of mysticism and spirituality, com-

bined with a keen understanding of human nature, is refreshing beyond words in these days of supersaturation with sex stories.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

MRS. ANNA R. HEATON.

MORE ABOUT "REBECCA"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I hope that I may escape the charge once made against a certain Clodius when I presume to answer some remarks recently made in the "Woman to Woman" department of THE SIGN. My only excuse is that the remarks in question were directed to "the people who get out the White List" and a mere cursory glance at the names of the "people" who get out the list will be sufficient to discover that they are quite definitely masculine.

To be specific, your columnist Katherine Burton, for whom I have a high regard, takes it upon herself to condemn *Rebecca* and to suggest that the Cardinal Hayes' Literature Committee execute a nice little *mea culpa* for having recommended the book. She does so on the authority of a priest in Ohio whose "word counts with me much more than does that of the unknown Catholic reviewer who read the book." I suggest that Mrs. Burton placed herself out on a limb with this one. The unknown reviewer may well have been the foremost moralist in the country. I do not say that such was the case. I merely wish to show that Mrs. Burton took the word of one Catholic against that of another and promptly condemned the latter without even examining his authority.

In other words, the controversy about *Rebecca* hinges on a question of opinion. (Cf. the praise given to the book in *America*, October 22, 1938 and November 26, 1938). And in any such controversy one should be allowed absolute freedom of expression. But the controversy should be much nearer to a definite conclusion than is the present case before one party to it is justified in asking the other to come out with a written apology.

NEW YORK.

WARD CLARKE.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

H.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.J.S., E. McKeesport, Pa.; K.S., Roxbury, Mass.; M.A., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.; M.B., New Brunswick, N.J.

GENERAL THANKSGIVING

Souls in Purgatory, G.G., Yonkers, N.Y.; St. Anthony, M.C.E.L., Watertown, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, M.L.G.L., Thibodaux, La.; Souls in Purgatory, M.E.-McG., Columbus, Ohio; Blessed Mother, M.F.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Gemma Galgani, M.M.C., Girard, O.; St. Anthony, C.T.D., New York, N.Y.; Blessed Mother, H.F.S., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.M.F., Milwaukee, Wis.; Sacred Heart, M.A.H., Charleroi, Pa.; Blessed Mother, M.B., New Brunswick, N.J.; St. Anthony, M.J.H.C., Louisville, Ky.; Blessed Mother, T.J.O., Newark, N.J.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.F.W.H., West View, Pa.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.E.H., New York, N.Y.; R.S., Woodside, L.I.; M.W.Z., Elmont, L.I.; M.R.K., St. Louis, Mo.; M.T., Brooklyn, N.Y.; B.F., Bellmore, L.I.; A.P., Little Falls, N.J.; H.G., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Catholic Students' Congress

By EDWARD J. MOLONEY

INDOMITABLE youth is at it again. This time it is a two weeks' World Congress of Catholic students and alumni, the first week at the Catholic University, the second at Fordham University. Thirty nations will send delegates from the numerous university Catholic societies at the call of the American Catholic student and alumni leaders. Nearly two thousand universities will be represented.

It should be understood at once that this Congress was not conceived as "an answer" to the World Youth Congress held in the United States last summer. Pax Romana, the International Secretariat of Catholic Students and Alumni, has held these annual Congresses for eighteen years now, whereas the World Youth Congress is only five years young.

The theme of the present Pax Romana Congress is "The Role of the University Student in National Catholic Action," but it would be difficult to imagine how enthusiastic student leaders can avoid spending part of their time worrying about world peace. Many of the leaders are speculating on whether or not Germany and Japan will be represented at the youthful council table to discuss Catholic Action and Peace.

The Congress will be divided into two parts, the Study Week and the Congress Proper. It was decided to hold the Study Week from August 26th to September 2nd at the Catholic University, so that there would be a minimum of distraction from the serious study at hand. Here the participants will study the activities, technique, experiences and problems of Catholic university societies in other countries. It is the serious attention which both laymen and clergy give to these sessions, as well as Pax Romana activity throughout the year, that earned for the International Secretariat a jibe in a German newspaper headline recently where it was referred to as "the intellectual army of the Pope." During these study weeks, methods are proposed and studied for the purpose of securing a better intellectual

formation in the liberal arts especially directed toward the student apostolate.

The Congress at Fordham will be divided into a series of conferences based upon the findings of the Study Week and the worldwide questionnaire sent out this spring. This part of the Congress is open to the general public.

In addition to the conferences and lectures which will occupy the second week, there will be many opportunities for the "lighter side of life." For there will be a reception by the Mayor when the students come to New York. There will be a formal reception by Catholic notables at which the students will demonstrate folk dances and songs in costume. There will be special tours prepared by doctors, lawyers and professors which will be of interest to the visitors. And after they have witnessed religious services in the Latin, Russian and Greek rites, after the receptions, discussions, dinners and films, the visitors will see the World's Fair—for September 5th is Pax Romana Day at the Fair.

The idea of Pax Romana was conceived thirty years ago by the Baron Georges de Monténach, but it was not until 1921 that his idea began to take shape.

During and following the War many international student organizations—Jewish, Y. M. C. A., Socialist, and Communist—had grown and become powerful. To represent Catholic interests, students from Switzerland, Holland and Spain, countries neutral during the War, organized a university congress of Catholic students. The first congress was held at Fribourg, Switzerland in July, 1921 with the blessing of Benedict XV. Catholic students from 18 countries attended and established the International Secretariat of Catholic Students under the title of Pax Romana. Since the first congress at Fribourg, Pax Romana has met annually in one of the capitals or other great cities of Europe. And it has steadily grown so that now most of the nations of Europe are represented.

The most interesting developments of Pax Romana in the past ten years lie in the non-European contacts that have been made. The National Catholic Alumni Association of the United States became affiliated with Pax Romana in 1932—at the same time as a French Canadian Federation. Within the past few years several student groups in the United States have become affiliated: Theta Kappa Phi fraternity for Catholic men, the National Federation of Catholic Colleges, the Catholic Student Peace Federation, and the Ukrainian Catholic Youth Group.

Many foreign students find attendance at the annual congress impossible, and therefore regional congresses are held in which two or more nations may participate. Furthermore, some of the national federations have holiday centers which are thrown open to all members of affiliated groups.

In addition to these activities Pax Romana acts as a clearing house and information center for each affiliated university federation. At the same time each federation retains complete autonomy. The secretariat reports news of university activity to *L'Osservatore Romano*, Vatican City newspaper, as well as to the International Student News Service. It encourages international exchanges of students, scholarships, fellowships and professorships. Pax Romana also organizes university student federations in countries or sections where none exist. And finally Pax Romana publishes a monthly newspaper, annual reports and news releases.

All the numerous groups behind the present World Congress bespeak the importance of such a gathering. But there is also unanimous agreement among the participants that the Congress this summer will be one of the most important in the history of the organization in view of the topic "The Role of the University Student in National Catholic Action." Pope Pius XII has expressed his interest in the forthcoming Congress on several occasions.

The Two Crowns

By DAMIAN REID, C. P.

THE history of Jesus Christ is the history of two crowns and two coronation ceremonies. As a symbol of the physical abuse to which He was subjected during the climactic hours of the season of redemption, the crown is even more truly and adequately revealing than the cross. The cross was simply an instrument of death. There was nothing uniquely appropriate about it. There were other crosses on Calvary that day. Other men died on those crosses. But Christ was a King and the other two crucified were not. The vast distance between the significance of His death and theirs was suggested by the fact that He had been crowned and they had not.

This crowning was another of those mysterious coups of Providence which stole the play from under the very eyes of those who conceived it, and gave it a meaning which transformed the whole structure of it. The same thing had happened before when Caiphas spoke what to him was sense, but what to posterity was to have a different sense altogether. Caiphas had said: "It is expedient for you that one man should die for the people and that the whole nation perish not." He was simply talking within the limits of his own vile scheme to get Jesus out of his greedy way. He had his own idea of what he was saying and what he meant. But his words were controlled and directed as if he were reading from a script a plot the understanding of which he had not yet arrived at.

Caiphas' words touched off the very secret of redemption. It was expedient that one man should die that the whole nation perish not. But the expediency was a more exigent one than he was thinking of; and the nation was larger than the one he meant; and the sentence of death had been passed on that Man long before his diplomacy could get to it; and the verdict was a purer and juster one

than he was to formulate; and the saving was to be done on a principle of divine economy that would make earthly statesmanship pale. Caiphas spoke truth but with as little understanding of its vast reaches as if he had uttered it in a language that he had never learned.

The soldiers who crowned Our Lord as a mockery were caught in the same web of eternal design. And so, we can bracket Caiphas with the soldiers of Rome, his idea with the idea they had, and the mysterious business behind his words with the mysterious business behind their deeds. His statement of personal expediency was true only of divine expediency. Their play-acting which was done as a joke fitted the scene perfectly because it was no joke at all. Both events had been arranged in eternity. The men involved spoke and acted out of their own free ingenuity. But a destiny awaited them, and they ran into it unaware.

The Gospels give this account of the first crowning. "Then the soldiers of the governor, taking Jesus into the court of the palace, gathered together unto Him the whole band; and stripping Him they put a scarlet cloak about Him. And plating a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head and a reed in His right hand. And they came to Him and bowing the knee before Him they mocked Him saying: 'Hail, king of the Jews.' And they gave Him blows and they did spit upon Him. And they took the reed and struck His head. And bowing their knees, they worshipped Him."

This little by-play reverts back to the scourging and indicates the sentiment that must have possessed the brutes who wielded the whips. After all, a flogging is a simple exercise and allows little latitude for invention. Vicious, taunting remarks might be dropped; or an experienced twist might be given to a

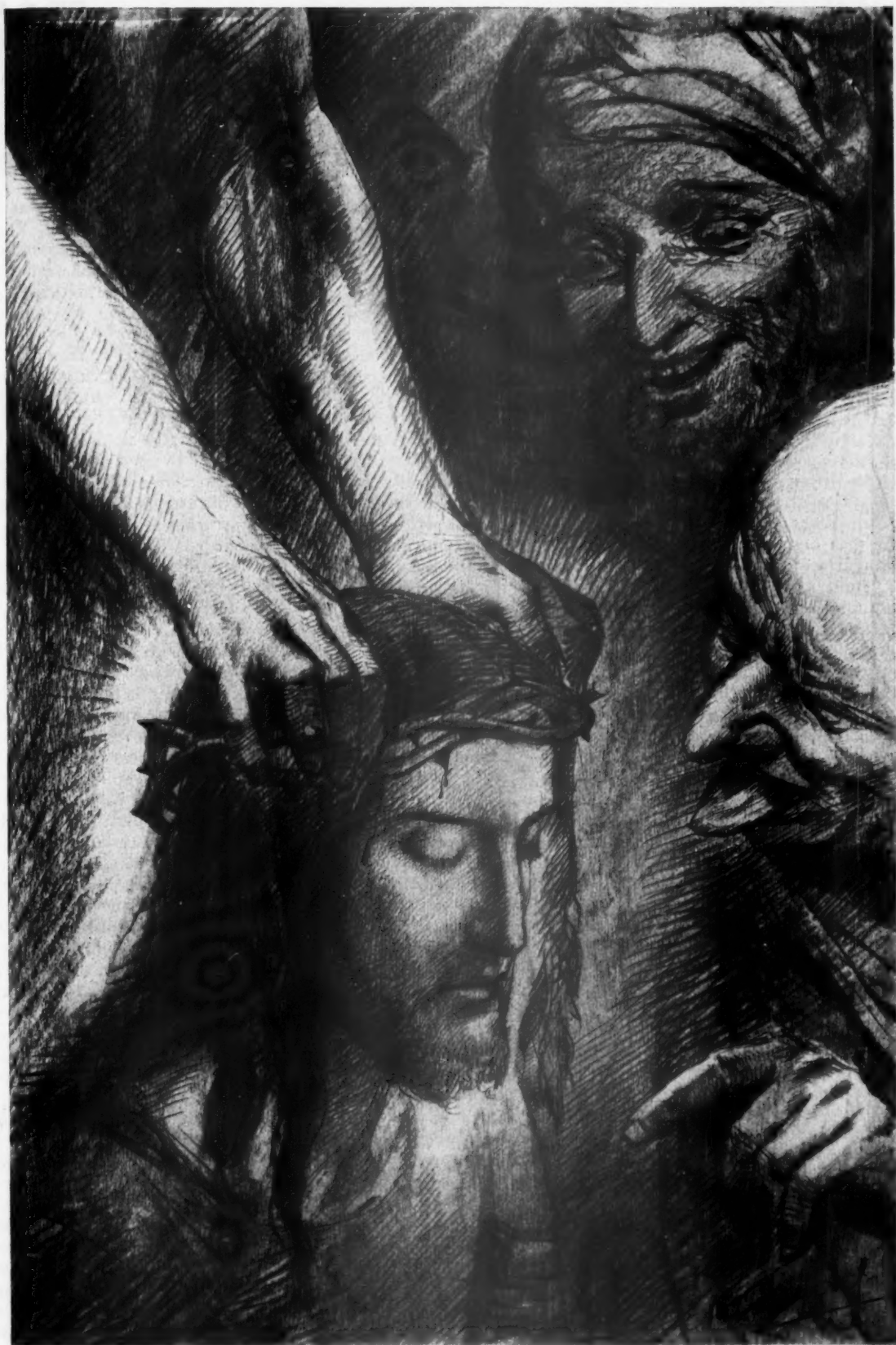
stroke to make the victim wince a little more; or a particularly sensitive nerve center might be selected as a target for one's professional marksmanship. We would not like to think that the men who flogged Christ were guilty of such inhumanity. But this next episode in the narrative of His sufferings overrules any such considerateness of judgment which we might be inclined to concede to them. Here they did have opportunity for creative brutality, and they used it to the utmost.

The whole point of their effort was to treat Our Lord like a king, to go through the motions of subjection and shout the words of servile adulation—the real fun being in the fact that Christ was no king at all. We can imagine the performance growing in completeness as the idea of it became more clearly delineated. He had said that He was a king. Well, since the only king worth mentioning was Caesar, make Him look like Caesar. Dress Him like Caesar. The juxtaposition of the two ideas, the Roman Emperor and this deluded nobody, would start the joke off right.

The cloak was the first thing. Caesar wore purple; so an old military mantle would be close enough in shade to carry the illusion. They stripped Christ, and with a total disregard of comfort and antiseptic, draped the filthy rag over the open wounds of His shoulders and back. Then came the thought that the most kingly thing about a king is his crown. We are told that they used thorns; but we are not told how they happened to think of thorns. Perhaps they began by using something else. Perhaps their first thought was to find something that really did look like a kingly crown. Perhaps they tore a piece of parchment into a semblance of the tooling and openwork that we associate with crowns. It may have been

some time before one of them got the subtler notion to

Like Christ the Christian May Be Crowned With Thorns Because He Too Must Go Without the Badge of His Real Dignity



Drawing on wood made especially for THE SIGN by Mario Barbieri, Rome. July

"And plating a crown of thorns they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand"

weave for Christ a crown of thorns.

The next idea was not so profound. It would naturally suggest itself. A sceptre, the symbol of kingly authority. They may have made only one trip outdoors to get material for both the crown and the sceptre—thorns and a reed. They may have thought that the reed, since it was to stand for the sceptre of authority, would be particularly appropriate to represent the very frail and fictional authority that they were conceding to Christ.

When Jesus was dressed and made up for His part, they all stepped into the mock character of His subjects and began to act. It is quite likely that they had often witnessed the pageant of imperial ceremony at Rome and that they duplicated it in their play-acting much more fully than the Gospel reports. We know that they bent their knees before Him in their best court manner, and cried out that Roman salute to royalty: "Hail, king." Possibly they brought pleas to Him, and interrogated Him on contemporary affairs of government, and offered Him ludicrous counsel. We can hardly imagine that, being the class of men that they were, their dialogue would long remain free from obscenity. For, after all, is not that the type of story that goes across and gets the laughs?

THAT is what they wanted—laughs, as many and as loud as possible, to support the really big laugh that Christ was a king. They punched Him and laughed. They spat in His face and laughed. They took the reed out of His hand and hammered the thorns more deeply into His head. That made them laugh.

This is what the Gospel narrative suggests as to the circumstances and procedure and spirit of Our Redeemer's first coronation ceremony.

His other coronation came later and is not a part of the Gospel story. Christ did, however, refer to it occasionally—the glory which He had with His Father; the glory which was in store for Him as a result of the mission of redemption; the kingly glory in which He would appear on the day of judgment, coming in the clouds attired in royal garments and performing the kingly function of adjudication. We have no descriptive account of that coro-

nation ceremony. But we can surmise that the solemnity of it would more than compensate for the peals of jeering laughter that echoed through Pilate's palace on that other occasion when the soldiers were at their horse-play. The splendor of it would wipe away the memory of His disgust at the spittle that covered His face, of His aching head that wore the thorns, of His humiliation over the fact that His claim to kingship had been disallowed.

Other compensating consequences would result from that other coronation ceremony. There would come a time when a certain band of soldiers who, in a spirit of sport, bent their knees before Him and said in mockery: "Hail, king of the Jews," would appear severally before a throne more regal than the one in Pilate's Palace, and would bend their knees before Him in a thoroughly chastened spirit and would cry out meaningfully: "Hail, king of the world." And they would not laugh.

The history of Jesus Christ called for two crowns and two coronations. One of the crowns was to be made of thorns and presented with a ritual of pain and insult. That necessitated that His true royalty be suppressed as far as human vision was concerned.

It would be idle to speculate about the details of His probable history if it had been otherwise. We do not know how He would have dressed or how precious a crown He would have worn or where He would have set up His court or the number of courtiers who would have been in His retinue; but we can be sure that the Sanhedrin would have welcomed Him as the deliverer whose coming had been prayed for down the ages.

This, however, is the career which Christ did not have as a king. The career which He had is far more significant. The details of this career are briefly that: He was a king, but His kingship was veiled and the veiling of it enabled Him to suffer as He did.

Is that not the case with the typical history of Christian life on earth? There is so much of real dignity that is concealed, and so much of the petty and commonplace in evidence. If Christ could be crowned with thorns only because He appeared without the trappings of royalty and

without the credentials which would establish His office with the diplomacy of the world, the Christian living in grace can encounter similar griefs because he too must go without the visible badge of his real dignity.

THE Christian is in reality a prince of the house of God. But his rating gets no consideration in the human occupation of making his way on earth. He is participating in the ceremony of his first crowning. And his first crowning is related to the second quite as it was in the case of Christ. The second is the reward of the first. Often enough in his social and economic adventures he has to take a lower place than that held by men who are enemies of the royal family of God. He meets with the average human share of unkingly aches and pains. He may of necessity be dressed in rags of no better quality than the scarlet cloak that hung from Our Redeemer's shoulders. His voice may carry no more authority in the affairs of men than was signified by the reed which in Our Lord's hand substituted for a sceptre. His head may throb in much the same manner that Christ's did when they hammered the thorns in deeper. And there are accidents of living which can spill his blood, and the blood would be no different to the eye than that which trickled down over Christ's face.

The Christian's consciousness of his real dignity may ease some of the pains of life, but it cannot banish them, as Our Saviour's consciousness of universal sovereignty did not remove the spines from the crown nor the sting from the fate of being laughed at. The children of God will find sordidness in the circumstances of their individual careers as Jesus found it in a soiled cape and a befouled face.

Christ had said: "In the world you will have distress." And in His own person, He exhibited the kind of distress that His disciples can expect. His crowning is the pattern of the Christian's destiny in the world; particularly so because it drew such a sharp line between the apparent and the real, the ragamuffin king that the soldiers dressed up and the kingliness that was really there, and proclaimed that even the king of the world can have a bad time in the world which He, Himself, created.



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WOMAN *to* WOMAN

By KATHERINE BURTON

Rebecca Still Storm Center

PERHAPS in these days of change when only great topics should be discussed, it may seem a bit footless to come back again to the discussion of a novel. Perhaps I need not state in this column that the novel is *Rebecca* and that I have come back to it again because other people can't leave it alone. Besides a letter in *THE SIGN* for August demands a rebuttal.

It may be that I am mistaken in thinking this subject a small matter. Perhaps it shows up a really large matter: it discloses an appalling misunderstanding or lack of teaching of Catholic doctrine. If, as the writer of this letter says, my interpretation—which is a poor word anyway: I didn't interpret, I merely stated the plot—is far-fetched, then I can only say that she must feel thus about at least one of the Commandments. "Thou shalt not kill," it says, and though the words are of one syllable, they pack a lot of meaning. When one human being kills another it is murder and for that God's law and the state demand reparation, unless self-defense can be proven.

The letter writer says that anyway gloom hangs over the whole story. No one is happy in it, and the author subtly conveys the idea of punishment. It is certainly subtle to me. After all, the man murdered his wife and then thought well enough of life and living to marry again, and he seemed well equipped with this world's goods, none of which he was giving away either in any sort of vicarious reparation. He just went on living his ordinary life, and his ordinary life had an air of opulence as well as gloom. I noted no penitential ashes or sackcloth.

Now as I understand it, Catholic ethics goes like this: you do wrong, you repent, you make reparation. Of this triangle the hero of the book carried out only one angle: he did wrong.

I have never yet heard of a judge who sentenced a murderer by saying, "For the rest of your life I condemn you to live in an atmosphere of gloom."

The author of the letter says she feels sorry for Maxim and sorry for poor Rebecca too. So did I. And she says that forgiveness requires much. It certainly does. That is just what I have been trying to say. It requires repentance and confession and payment.

But I should like to hear from some priest who thinks that this book is ethical. So far I have found none. I have had letters from them telling me I am right, however. I have talked to some who tell me the same thing. When I hear of a priest who says I am wrong in my idea on this, then I shall listen, because they are trained in theology and I am not, nor I imagine, is Miss Christy. I shall continue this duel

only if Miss Christy or someone who feels as she does comes to the combat with a priest as second. As for me, I can take my choice of half a dozen seconds.

Early North American Convert Nun

OF LATE I have seen articles in various places on early North American convert nuns. Usually the honor of being the first goes to Fanny Allen, but there are some authorities who object to this. Historically they are, no doubt, correct. But the term convert usually implies a deliberate and conscious turning to the Faith. The earlier nuns were Ursulines who, victims of raids, were sold to the French by the Indians. Many of these children were later redeemed and taken home, and it is significant that when they left the Catholic atmosphere of Montreal or Quebec, they lapsed from the Faith. Children of six or seven, the ones who stayed, naturally remained Catholic, and it was normal that some of them became nuns. But they were to all purposes born Catholics, since they were so small when captured and their entire environment was Catholic.

On the other hand, Fanny Allen went to Canada in 1810, and made her religious profession at the Hotel Dieu. She grew up a Protestant and of her own will became a Catholic and a nun when a young woman.

Old Tunes To Swing

MY CHILDREN have a new way of teasing me. They urge me to listen to the radio, and it usually turns out to be the swinging of some old tune. I am therefore inclined to applaud vigorously the action of Mr. Leo Fitzpatrick, who shuts off his radio station any orchestra which swings old-time ballads.

Yet the philosophy behind doing this to old tunes is certainly curious. They don't have to set these old songs to jazzing and goose-stepping. But more and more there is in the world today a desire to break the old, to change it, to deride it. "We have broken the frame of the present," moans even that perennial juvenile, Mr. Wells, in one of his latest books. And the breaking of the frame of the present to him means that protection is withdrawn from life, for the old security of faith is gone.

And every time youth does something like this seemingly trivial thing of taking the charm and the value out of something old, it seems to me it is really expressing an air of bravado, of fear. It is not a gesture of happy youth, but rather one of resentment at the older people who are to a great extent if not entirely responsible for the deplorable fact that the frame of security has been broken.

CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH
THE EYES OF OTHERS

You Pay Taxes

• DON'T think that because your income is low, you don't pay taxes. From "Collier's":

The press, the radio and to some extent the movies have labored for years and years to hammer home in the American mind the truth that we all pay taxes, whether we see them or not.

Then, after all this labor, Dr. George Gallup polls his famous cross-section of Americans on the question: "Do you pay any taxes?" . . . and 25% of those who answer say "No." That's one person in every four. Most of these persons who think they don't pay any taxes are in the lower-income group—earn less than \$20 a week.

The fact is that if you earn \$20 a week in this country—\$1,040 a year if you work every week—you pay out more than \$100 a year in taxes. You pay taxes on tobacco, toilet articles and innumerable other merchandise. The taxes are carefully hidden by politicians for the very purpose of making you think you are getting a free ride.

If you are a low-wage earner, you may think gleefully now and then about the heavy chunks that various kinds of government take out of the bigger-money crowd. The truth is that you are stung for about 10% of your income in taxes. And 10% is a pretty thick slice out of anybody's income.

Up Thirty-nine Thousand Feet

• How a test pilot feels driving a plane up into the stratosphere is described by James L. H. Peck in "Harper's":

I'm "smoking" oxygen now, for the altimeter registers 26,120 feet, and the ship is still climbing. Quite nicely too. We are carrying full "military load" this time. Nearly 2000 pounds of service equipment: guns, almost 300 gallons of fuel and oil, etc.; but she handles the weight easily.

It's cold! I can feel it even through my heavy garb, and even though the cockpit cover is closed and the heater working. And the sunlight is dazzling on the shiny metal cowlings of the plane—a terrifying brightness. But for my tinted goggles I'd be blinded in a few minutes. But the sky is dark—almost purple. The earth is just a vague something five miles below, indeterminate in color and pattern.

Still climbing, and now I'm reading 31,000 feet. I feel as if I were swelling up, and have other sensations which I can't quite analyze. It's terribly cold now, at 34,900, and I'm feeling a bit sick. The oxygen seems to be freezing my mouth! . . .

Now the ship is handling sluggishly and uncertainly,

but I think I'll nurse her up a bit farther before reaching the "absolute ceiling." The engine is beginning to overheat too in this thin air. The plane wallows through the rarefied gases of the stratosphere for perhaps two minutes longer, then it begins to stall.

I nose down and start earthward in a steep, wide spiral. I've got to get down! I feel as though I shall cave in at any moment. Not too fast! A too-rapid change in atmospheric pressure wouldn't improve my strange ailment.

My head throbs! Mouth, throat and lungs are raw and irritated—and cold. Stomach feels wretched. And my eyes! I suddenly realize, with a pang of fear, that something is the matter other than the terrible burning. They don't seem to focus just right.

The earth is still three miles below me, and that's a long way down. But all things come to an end, and now we're at 3000. I'm no better off physically, however. Can't seem to orient myself. Lost?

I push back the cockpit hatch and peer over the side, but my eyes are still playing tricks; feel as if filled with sandman's grit. The rush of clean, cool air doesn't seem to help.

Where the devil am I, anyhow?

By this time we're down to 1000, and I'm beginning to recognize the indistinct scenery. We're quite a way from home. However, I somehow find the airport and finally glide in for the landing.

It takes all my strength to climb from the cockpit. They put me into a car and to town we go, to the local hospital.

Interesting case, the medicos report.

They tell me that the barograph recorded not 35,000 feet—as I had interpreted my altimeter reading—but 39,511.4 feet. Goodness, no wonder I had felt only half alive. I recalled how Captain Gray had died in an Army balloon at 42,000 feet. But of course he had been in an open basket.

Spanish Piety

• "THE CATHOLIC BULLETIN" of Dublin in its review of E. Allison Peers' latest book, "Spain, the Church and the Orders," quotes the following as an instance of what the Anglican writer admired when in Spain.

It was a fine Summer evening in a glass-enclosed hotel restaurant on the promenade of a famous Spanish seaside resort. A fashionable crowd of diners—mostly Madrid folk come up to the north coast to escape the heat. Loud and animated conversation—and anyone who has dined in Spanish restaurants knows how loud that can be.

Suddenly the tinkle of a bell in the street outside—and through the window one sees a vested priest across

the-way carrying the Sacrament to some dying person. Instantly the talking ceases. Half the diners and the whole of the waiters go down on their knees. To some of the foreigners present, who make an awkward and uneasy attempt at half-rising, the thing is inexplicable. To the Spaniard, on the other hand, it is perfectly natural. He sees, not a boy and a bell and a priest, but God. The King of Glory. . . . The superficialities of life have been invaded by a swift solemnity which in Protestant countries is unknown save where some such function as a banquet is visited by death. . . . The little procession is gone and in a minute or two one is imagining the interlude to have been a dream; but the tribute paid to Eternal Reality has been a tribute also to the reality of religion to the Spanish people.

Rules for Success

- RULES FOR SUCCESS by a "self-made" man are given in the following, from the "Liguorian":

A business man who retired recently with \$100,000 in the bank was asked for the secret of his success. He answered:

"I attribute my ability to retire with a \$100,000 bank balance, after thirty years in the business, to close application to duty, pursuing a policy of strict honesty, taking good times with the bad, always practicing rigorous rules of economy, and to the recent death of an uncle who left me \$99,990.50.

This Changing World

- AN ENCYCLOPEDIA editor's life is not a happy one in these days of rapidly changing historical events. From "Publisher's Weekly":

The publishers of encyclopedias nowadays probably spend a great deal of their time tearing at their hair as they see events in the world rapidly sending their carefully prepared articles out of date. F. E. Compton gave us a striking example of the many changes that have to be made in different articles in an encyclopedia when one main article is written. Mr. Compton is chairman of the board of F. E. Compton & Co., of Chicago, publishers of Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. The company follows a policy of keeping its articles strictly up to date and has constant revisions made.

When the break-up of Czechoslovakia came, the editorial staff of Compton's immediately went to work to make the necessary changes for the 1940 edition of the encyclopedia. But the article on Czechoslovakia was only the beginning. Mr. Compton had his editorial staff prepare for us a partial list of the articles which had to be changed because of this one event. Here they are: Antimony; Austria; Balkan Peninsula; Bohemia; Civilization; Clothing (3 changes); Co-operative Societies; Czechoslovakia; Danube River; Elbe River; England; Europe; Flags; France; Germany; Graphite; Hamburg; Holidays; Hungary; Literature for Children; Mercury; National Songs; Prague; Radium; Russia; Saxony; Shoes; Slavs; Story-Telling; Sugar; Warsaw; and Watches.

In addition to changes in all these articles (32 of them), it was also necessary to make 35 changes in index

entries. Remember a few of the historical incidents that have happened in but a single year, and the encyclopedia editor's life seems pretty complicated.

Dictators

- IN A RECENT SPEECH Mr. William R. Castle discussed the qualities and defects of dictators. Taken from "Vital Speeches":

Dictators have a few things in common. They are almost always thoroughly conceited, which is probably natural as they have succeeded in putting themselves above their fellow men. They have no sense of humor, which is again natural, because a sense of humor is a sense of comparative values, and they weigh everybody against their inflated opinions of themselves. They tend to confuse themselves with the State. If dictators had the capacity to laugh at themselves, even if they could see themselves as history will depict most of them, strutting their little hour across the stage of life and time, they would no longer be a menace. If the greatest of them, Napoleon Bonaparte, had had a sense of proportion, the history of the world would have been very different. If the littlest of them, those who confine their strutting to the narrow stage of their unimportant little countries, knew how absurd they were, history would not be changed because they do not make history, but many a heartache would be transformed into rejoicing.

The Right to Take Risks

- THE RIGHT to take risks may not be a very desirable privilege, but it belonged to John J. Moran. By J. C. Furnas in "The Saturday Evening Post":

France, 1918. An eminent surgeon, Colonel in command of an American base hospital, was having trouble with a captain in the Quartermaster Corps—a stubborn, middle-sized, middle-aged Irishman who was flatly refusing to be sent home as unfit for service, even though he had a bad duodenal ulcer.

"I passed the medical exam, sir," he was saying doggedly. "I passed the overseas exam, and that's stiffer. I'm only forty-three. I'd take shame to be sent back."

"Sorry," said the Colonel, both irritated and unimpressed. "An operation is the only thing and we can't do it here. You're ordered back to Washington to enter the Walter Reed Hospital and get it done properly."

"Wait a bit," said the captain, evidently coming to some distasteful decision. "You know why that hospital was named after Major Reed?"

Certainly the Colonel knew. All doctors and a good many laymen still know it. As head of a commission to rid the American Army in Cuba of yellow fever, Reed first proved to the satisfaction of medicine that yellow fever is transmitted by mosquito bites. Without that proof, the Panama Canal might never have got built and thousands on thousands would still die of yellow jack every year.

"And you'll remember some soldiers that let mosquitoes bite them and came down with yellow fever to prove the major's case?"

Certainly. There was a man named Kissinger and another named Moran. . . .

"Well, sir," said the troublesome captain, "I'm that Moran."

The Colonel got the point. Astonishment chased irritation off his face and was succeeded by the beginnings of a grin, as he sent for the staff doctor who had originally recommended sending this case back to the States.

"I'll have to suggest reconsideration here," he said, when the staff doctor arrived. "I know it's foolish. But this man has proved his right to take any risks he likes."

Our American Libraries

• ALBERT JAY NOCK writes of *"America's Too-Public Libraries"* in the *"American Mercury."* He thinks that Andrew Carnegie's idea of a free public library was very fine and generous, but does not believe that it was sound:

Our notion of a public library is that of a place where anybody can go and use any book he wants, and either take it away to read, or sit in the reading-room and read—all for nothing. The library is supposed to stock reference books and classics, but it is also supposed to stock all sorts of current publications, novels, children's books, periodicals and newspapers. That was Andrew Carnegie's idea, and it is the idea we all have. Is it reasonable? I doubt it. I can understand why there should be a place where a serious reader may get the use of serious books which he cannot be expected to have the use of otherwise—they may be too rare, too expensive, or special, technical works which one consults only occasionally. I see no reason, however, why such a place should be either free or public. Still less do I see why it should stock the current best-sellers or any of the ephemeral stuff which our presses turn off in quantity, and which is of no conceivable value to anybody, except as a pastime. Aside from the book-clubs, which do a pretty good business in that sort of literature, we have no end of circulating libraries which furnish ephemera at a very cheap rate, not much more than it is worth. If a person wants something to read merely to waste his time, I cannot see why he should have it at public expense.

Propaganda

• PROPAGANDA is becoming one of the most powerful forces in our modern world. It is nothing new, however. By Edwin Muller in *"Current History"*:

Today the radio broadcasting stations of Europe are being fortified with bomb-proof concrete and anti-aircraft guns. For the nations have come to realize that missiles fired from radio transmitters are as destructive as high explosives.

Propaganda, of course, has long been used in war. In the Middle Ages, scrolls were wrapped around arrows and fired into beleaguered castles. During the American Revolution we circulated handbills in the British trenches offering each grenadier \$7 a month and a good farm to desert. But not until the World War was propaganda systematically used.

When American troops moved up to the front in July 1918, the Germans opposite began to fight with suddenly increased fury. Soon, from captives, the Amer-

icans learned the reason. German officers had been telling their men that American soldiers invariably killed their prisoners. Intelligence got busy and soon little balloons went drifting out across the German lines. At intervals leaflets fluttered down. Printed in German, A.E.F. Order 106 was quoted, prescribing that all prisoners should have humane treatment. Then followed the typical fare served to prisoners—beef, white bread, beans and butter. The effect on German soldiers, who had been drawing in their belts through four long years of war, was immediate. At different points along the front Germans appeared, their hands in the air: "Kamerad." As they were marched to the rear each produced his leaflet, pointed urgently to "beef, white bread, beans . . ." And they were duly served.

Shakespeare on Automobiles

• A DILIGENT STUDENT of literature must be responsible for applying, in *"Kablegram,"* these excerpts from the Classics to a modern conveyance:

To climb steep hills requires a slow pace at first.
—Henry VIII, I, 1.

Horns do make one mad.—Merry Wives, III, 5.

O, how the wheel becomes it.—Hamlet, IV, 5.

Whence is that knocking?—Macbeth, II, 2.

The battery once again.—Henry V, III, 3.

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse.—Richard III, V, 4.

Tribute to Mars

• YOU PAY FOR WAR in a great many ways you do not even suspect. From *"Pork Chops and War,"* by Mauritz A. Hallgren in *"Woman's Home Companion"*:

You may have had pork chops for supper last night. If you are an average housewife you certainly did not stop to consider that the price you paid for the chops you were eating had anything to do with war. Yet a good part of the money you left at the butcher shop in return for your evening meal went to pay for wars past and future. . . .

The banker who financed the farmer who raised the hog, the railroad that brought the hog to market, the packing house that processed the meat, the distributor who sold the chops to your local butcher, the meat-market owner himself and a number of others stood along the line and added a few mills or a cent or two to the price you eventually paid for the chops. Some of this added cost went into processing, distribution, and profit of course, but some of it also went to help these people foot their federal tax bill.

How much do we pay for war in this way? Economists and statisticians cannot quite agree on this point, but with the help of a few known figures we might at any rate arrive at a few general conclusions. By the end of 1919, when the last of the more pressing and immediate bills was settled, our last war had cost us \$32,400,000,000 (after excluding expenditures for normal governmental activities). Approximately \$8,000,000,000 of this amount was raised by taxes. The rest the government borrowed from the people. The public debt rose from \$1,225,146,000 in 1916 to \$25,482,034,000 in 1919.



BOOKS



Catholic Faith

A CATECHISM IN THREE PARTS

Five years ago a commission was appointed, under the personal supervision of the Rector of Catholic University of America, to draw up a new catechism based on *The Catholic Catechism* of the late Cardinal Gasparri. The labors of the commission have now been completed with the publication of *Catholic Faith* in three parts, corresponding to the three books of Cardinal Gasparri's work. Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O. M. Cap., of the Catholic University, was in charge of the doctrinal content of the new catechism and Sister M. Brendan, of the Sister-Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, supervised the wording of the doctrine. The result of their work, and of the many others who collaborated, is an outstanding achievement of Catholic pedagogics. The doctrinal content is unexceptional and the verbal presentation utilizes the best modern technique.

Not only is the content of these books excellent, but their physical appearance is a very welcome improvement on the cheap and easily rumpled catechisms available heretofore. The paper, binding and type are of the best. Pictures illustrate the text. Compilers, editors, printers and publishers are to be complimented on the execution of an excellent job. The Catholic University of America is the publisher and P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., are the distributors. Sample copies of the series will be sent free to educators and distributors upon request.

Book One, intended for primary grades, consists of 108 pages and retails at \$.30; Book Two, for intermediate grades, has 232 pages and retails at \$.45; Book Three, for the upper grades and study clubs, has 371 pages and retails at \$.60. It is unfortunate but inevitable that the improvements noted raise the cost of each copy.

Roots of Change

By JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

This book is an attempt to show the sociological impress on the world of fourteen men and one woman, all outstanding, from St. Vincent de Paul to Sidney and Beatrice Webb. It is divided into fourteen parts, each of which outlines and explains the social thought and influence of the personage involved. St. Vincent de Paul, Bernard Mandeville, Rousseau, Paine, Robert Owen, Ozanam, Kingley, Bishop von Ketteler, Marx, Manning, Leo XIII, Tolstoy and the Webbs, are the figures from whose political, social or economic theories have radiated applications which have been permanent or abortive, glorious or obscure, international, national or provincial, religious or irreligious.

If the author had used the biographical method exclusively, instead of attempting to combine it with the interpretative, his book would very likely be more satisfactory. The matter is in many places confused and the style is too self-conscious to admit success in a work of this kind. There is positive error in saying that "there is nothing wrong with collectivism of any kind provided *all* the people voluntarily give up their private rights for the common good." (Author's italics.)

D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. \$2.50.

G. K. Chesterton

By MAURICE EVANS

Mr. Evans' essay, in his own words, "is primarily concerned with Chesterton's philosophy and literary expression and contains no attempt at biography." Within this defined scope the author proceeds to diagnose Chesterton's personal philosophy as he expressed it in his writings. There are liberal quotations from the writings in illustration of each point adduced.

Mr. Evans' analysis of Chesterton

is essentially correct and interesting. In any kind of dissection of an author's writings critics will inevitably come to various and varied conclusions. Mr. Evans would seem to have caught the basic spirit of G. K.—that "he approaches his subjects from a doctrinal point of view," and that all his vast literary output was the result of "vigorous religious convictions."

Only in the chapter on "Orthodoxy and the Catholic Church" must we disagree with the analysis. Here the author does not seem to understand Chesterton the Catholic, and he somewhat minimizes G. K.'s religious polemic, through an inability to see in the same perspective as the man whom he is analyzing. Nevertheless he very honestly pays tribute to Chesterton's sincerity by saying that "it is his strength that he joins the Church out of a positive and joyful belief in its doctrines and not as a rock on which to cling in a storm-tossed generation."

Among the many critiques of G. K. which have and will continue to appear, this one will maintain its place as a very sincere and scholarly treatment of the Samuel Johnson of our era.

Cambridge University Press, New York. \$1.75.

A Modern Catholic Anthology

Edited by SISTER MARY LOUISE, S.L.

Catholic anthologies are comparatively rare things. This is the first to come to the attention of this reviewer. The editor of it confesses, "this book has been fun!" The enjoyment was due, in the first place, to her reading the books from which she made her selections, then to her contacts, but most of all to the co-operation of authors, publishers, etc., each one of whom is singled out for thanks in "Acknowledgments," which cover six whole pages.

The author makes no apologies for omissions nor defense of inclusions. This is forthright enough, but

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it is to be feared that it will not prevent the customary reactions to anthologies. On the whole her selections of various types of literature in prose and verse are fairly representative of what Catholics are doing. This cross-section of the literary fruitage of Catholic writers will provide many hours of pleasant reading. Most of the authors are of Great Britain. Of the men who are religious, twelve are Jesuits, one a Holy Cross Father, and the other a Dominican. Sister Mary Louise may have been unduly influenced in her choice in this respect.

Several errors occur in "Acknowledgements." Karl Adam (vii) is a Catholic priest, not a layman; Giovanni Joergensen (x) is spelled Joannes Jørgenson in the Index, but it should be Johannes Jørgensen; David Mathew (x) should be David Mathew. It may be presumptuous to question the spelling of Sister's community title, but Loreto is the correct Italian form. The book is handsomely produced.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$4.50.

Belgium

By HUGH GIBSON

If you should be in Belgium this year and notice English-speaking tourists using an unusually thick sort of guidebook, it may not be a guidebook at all. It may simply be that they have been wise enough to bring along this excellent book on Belgium by a former United States ambassador to that country. It is a book that you will want to read, whether you have visited Belgium, hope to do so, or have no such expectations whatsoever.

It is doubtful whether any book could capture the atmosphere and the spell of a country more satisfactorily than has Mr. Gibson's *Belgium*. If any stranger ever grasped the historical setting of a people, its culture and its aspirations, the author of *Belgium* has done so.

His genial advice on sight-seeing is worth remembering while touring any country. His two chapters on Flemish painting will hold the attention of even those who know next to nothing about such subjects. His condensed history of the country serves as a prologue for his knowing and fascinating descriptions of the cities and towns. And all this is served in a style that is lucid and intimate.

America has much to learn from a country where the Reformation did not succeed in sundering religion from daily life. In Belgium you know the two are merely aspects of the same thing.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$3.50.

A Christian Looks at The Jewish Question

By JACQUES MARITAIN

In this brief but timely essay M. Maritain expounds very clearly and forcibly the present world-wide wave of anti-Semitism and the necessary Christian denunciation of such injustice and cruelty towards the Jews as a race.

With his usual philosophical acumen he analyzes this remarkable and deplorable aspect of twentieth century madness. It is to him a pathological phenomenon, particularly grave when found in nations and individuals professing to follow the teachings of Christ, and is indicative of a deterioration of conscience, na-

tional or personal. As an ardent Catholic, Maritain is here re-echoing the words of Pius XI that "spiritually we are Semites" and that "anti-Semitism is a movement in which we Christians can have no part whatever."

The particular importance of this essay in the United States is that it expresses the mind of the Catholic Church and her true followers towards anti-Semitism, in the face of some recent rabble-rousers who in our larger cities by pamphlets and lecturing are attempting to portray the Church as sponsoring such nefarious devilry.

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$1.00.

A Two-Year Public Ministry

By EDMUND F. SUTCLIFFE, S.J.

In this first volume of the Bellarmine series, the General Editor treats in a very orderly and scholarly manner that most difficult and exegetically important chronological question, the length of the public ministry of Our Lord. Father Sutcliffe proves conclusively, at least in the judgment of this reviewer, that the one-year theory is untenable. He



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also shows that the popular three-year theory is by no means the traditional theory, as is commonly supposed. He reviews in detail the arguments in support of the three-year theory, points out their weaknesses and makes some telling objections.

The author's whole defense for the two-year ministry stands or falls with his arguments for the reversal of chapters five and six of St. John's Gospel. If chapter six must be read before chapter five then the defenders of the two-year theory have won their case. The authority of the manuscripts stands for our present order. Father Sutcliffe brings forward some very interesting and telling arguments based on the form of first and second century papyri books to account for the inversion of chapters six and five before the present textual tradition arose.

The author gives a detailed and scholarly treatment of a very difficult question. His work will be of great value to biblical students. The educated laity will also find it most interesting and instructive.

Burns, Oates and Washburn, London. \$3.00.

The Systematic Teaching of Religion

By REV. A. N. FUERST, S.T.D.

The *Systematic Teaching of Religion* is freely adapted from the German work, *Katechetik* of the famous Jesuit religious instructor, Father Gatterer. Doctor Fuerst's fine translation of this work deserves commendation. He has made it into an interesting study of catechesis for the American public.

The first part of this book covers the entire history of catechesis from the early Church to present-day methods of applying religious instruction. The second part deals with the spiritual care of the pre-school child. The third part sums up the spiritual care of the school child from grammar school to college included.

While essentially this book is a valuable reference for priests and seminarians, it will undoubtedly be a great pedagogic help for our school brothers and sisters and catechists in imparting a true knowledge to our school children.

The work is finely indexed and contains an extensive bibliography. It is to be regretted that it does not sell for a price that would put it

into the hands of every Catholic student.

Benziger Brothers, New York. \$3.50.

SHORTER NOTES

SOME PROBLEMS AND THE ANSWERS

By BLAKEWELL MORRISON, S. J.

The problems discussed in this booklet have to do with preparing for and living in marriage. The author intends it for the use of high-school graduating classes, under a competent instructor, in order to provide wholesome knowledge and inspiration which will enable the students to live according to the Catholic ideal. He feels that this type of instruction is needed, though he confesses that he is "diffident" over his presentation. The treatment is sound and discreet enough, but the question that troubles this reviewer is whether those for whom he writes are ready to receive this kind of instruction. If they are, this booklet will certainly help them. It carries the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Milwaukee.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$0.35.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CHASTITY

By DAN GILBERT AND SAMUEL SALOMAN

The jacket claims that this book is "an analysis and history of the propaganda and practices of the promoters of birth control." This is hardly true in the sense in which analysis and history are usually understood. It is rather a vigorous and incisive commentary, with relatively few statistics, on birth control ethics, as taught by Mrs. Margaret Sanger, Havelock Ellis (recently deceased), Bertrand Russell, Mrs. Marie Stopes, *et al.*

It gives one a moral shock merely to read the theories of these promoters of unnatural vice. The wonder is how any decent person can entertain them, and it is more a wonder how they act upon them.

The Danielle Publishers, San Diego, Cal. \$1.50.

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST, 2 Vols.

By M. J. LAGRANGE, O.P.

The Catholic world recently mourned the death of the author of these volumes. He was one of the most eminent biblical scholars of modern times. In the present work he has made a synopsis of his outstanding Commentaries on the Gospels in four volumes, especially "for

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those untrained in scriptural controversy." This work is a strictly critical study, which combines the contents of the four Gospels in a narrative form, with a rapid commentary without elaborate exegesis and footnotes. His purpose was to let the Gospels speak for themselves and to explain where necessary that they be more fully understood. Pere Lagrange's status as a biblical scholar and his deliberate intention to write a commentary for those unable to study the Gospels more thoroughly combine to effect a book of singular merit. The translation from the French is the work of the English Dominicans.

Benziger Bros., New York. \$3.00 the vol.

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An attractive series of short articles on the Creed and the Seven Sacraments. Father Sharp has something to say and he has written it in a way that can be understood and turned to profit by all. The thoughts are striking but simple. Whoever reads these instructions leisurely and attentively will find seed thoughts to fructify luxuriantly. We earnestly recommend this book to all for meditative reading.

Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York. \$2.25.

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The author of this book was born with a great gift from God of sympathy with the difficulties of plain folk. By hard study and painstaking composition he attained great proficiency in breaking the bread of God's word with simplicity to the little ones. And his ability was fur-

ther developed by the work thrust upon him in connection with the popular *Leaflet Missal*.

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he has the naïveté, the artful artlessness of a fairy tale, with the difference, of course, that he is picturing not fantasy but history.

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The list of essays is as follows: Sex and the Child, by André Berge; The Relationship of Sexuality and the Person, by Xavier de Lignac; Sex and Personality According to Freud; Biology and Sexual Morality, by Abbé Monchanin; Sexual Hygiene or Sexual Purity, by Fr. Benoit Lavaud, O. P.; Marriage and Society, by Pierre Henri Simon; The Senses and the Spirit, by Gustave Thibon; Woman's Metaphysical Mission, by Peter Wust; and The Verdict of Animality, by Daniel Rops.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.40.

CONTINUITY

By REV. C. HOARE

One of the most cherished opinions of the Anglo-Catholic school in the Church of England is that their Church is one with the historic Catholic Church in England before the upheaval of the Reformation and the settlement under Elizabeth. Father Hoare refutes this fond contention in a most convincing manner. He proves that the "Church by Law Established" is an entirely new

creation, cut off completely from the body of the One Catholic Church. The Church of England lacks continuity of tenure, continuity of doctrine and continuity of succession. Many of his arguments are taken from Protestant authorities. The conclusion is that Anglican "Continuity" is a myth and a man-made barrier to membership in the One True Church. It is published by the author at 6 Athenaeum Road, Whetstone, London, N. 20, for 3/6.

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AND all the people came early in the morning to Him in the temple to hear Him." (Luke XXI, 38.) According to commentators this is one of the last days in the life of Jesus. There is no record of what He did, but it must have been a wonderful day for those who heard Him.

Jesus passed that night in prayer "in the mount that is called Olivet." Then comes the early morning rush of people to hear Him again. But here the Evangelist stops abruptly.

It is like a sudden reminder for us to look at our churches early in the morning. Except for Sunday, how few are hastening there to hear Him! Jesus is there, the loyal Friend Who laid down His life for us; Jesus, God and Man, Who is everything to us and has done everything for us. He is interceding for us, presenting the merits of His Passion to His Father that He may spare us. He speaks, but how few are there to listen. He is not denouncing vice, nor scourging the hypocrisy of the world; He is not delighting scholars with clever and cogent arguments. And yet, morning after morning, Jesus speaks perhaps the most sublime words that ever proceeded from His Divine Lips. "Take and eat ye all of this; for this is My Body. . . . Take and drink ye all of this: for this is the Chalice of My Blood of the new and everlasting Testament: the Mystery of Faith: which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins. As often as ye do these things, ye shall do them in memory of Me."

Who would want to hear more? He Who wrought our salvation through blood and tears, with pain and humiliation, is there personally present to stir our memories to grateful remembrance, to impart to us the fruits of His Death. Truly, there would be more hurrying steps directed toward our churches early in the morning if, as often as these things are done, there was a lively remembrance of His Passion. We would then be ready to meet the duties and temptations of the day with the radiant face of courage and fidelity, because we saw the Face of Christ, we heard His Voice, and having tasted the sweetness of His Love, we would exclaim: "It has been a wonderful day!"

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BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY

For the Month of August, 1939

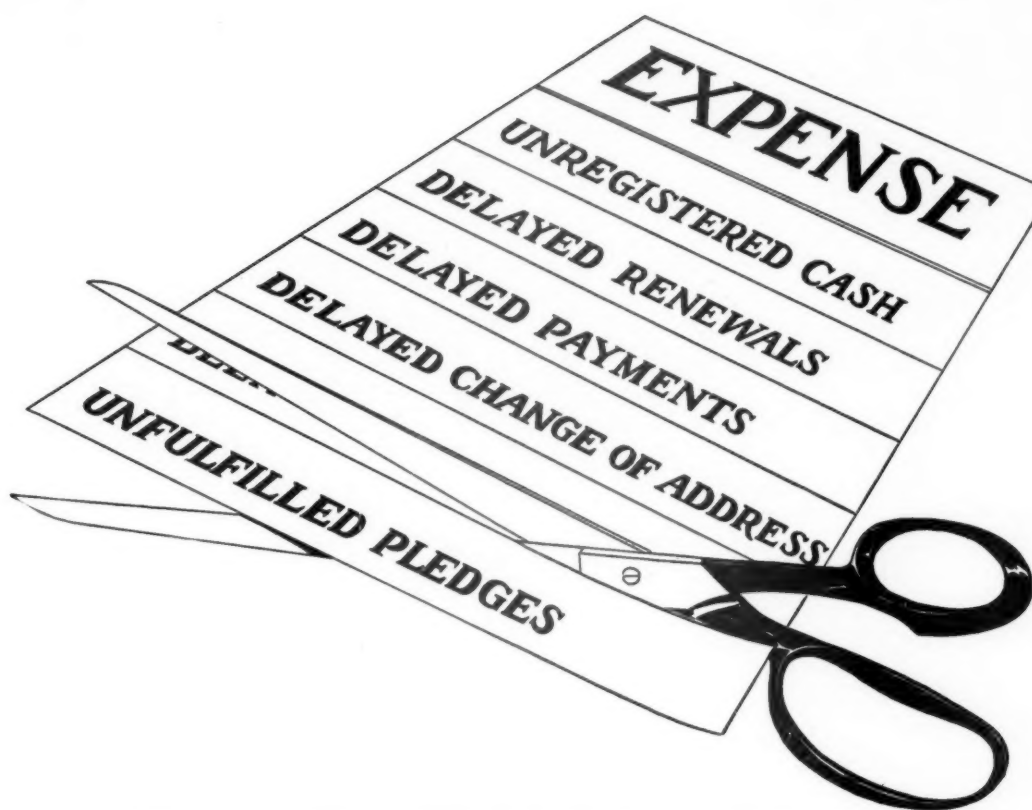
Masses Said	8
Masses Heard	26,639
Holy Communions	17,539
Visits to B. Sacrament	44,396
Spiritual Communion	56,578
Benediction Services	11,536
Sacrifices, Sufferings	39,960
Stations of the Cross	9,750
Visits to the Crucifix	18,631
Beads of the Five Wounds	6,246
Offerings of PP. Blood	90,450
Visits to Our Lady	22,372
Rosaries	27,495
Beads of the Seven Dolors	26,633
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,328,623
Hours of Study, Reading	49,934
Hours of Labor	33,303
Acts of Kindness, Charity	21,521
Acts of Zeal	51,769
Prayers, Devotions	400,347
Hours of Silence	24,266
Various Works	61,769
Holy Hours	237

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclesi, 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

Rt. Rev. Henry M. Herzog
Very Rev. John Finegan, P.P.V.F.
Rev. Dennis Dunne, P.P.
Rev. Christopher O'Farrell
Rev. Christopher Casey
Rev. Peter F. Cusick, S.J.
Rev. Bernard G. Giblin
Rev. William C. McCaughan
Rev. John F. Mulligan
Rev. J. F. Collins
Rev. Mother Ignatius
Mother C. O'Connor
Mother Angela Buchanan
Mother Xavier Pentony
Sr. M. Josephine (Martin)
Sr. Mary of St. Benedict (Shinners)
Sr. Theresa Marie (Stack)
Sr. M. Thomas (Britton)
Sr. M. of Our Lady of The Sacred Heart (Lay)
Sr. M. Rose, O.S.B.
Sr. Mary Norbert (Crisbon)
Sr. Mary Ann
George J. Moran
Robert F. Brannigan
Michael O'Neill
Elizabeth O'Neill
John P. O'Reilly
Francis J. O'Reilly
Denis Michael Downes
Miss J. L. Conley
Maria A. Scully
Ed. M. O'Connor
Anna Edel
John Ryan
Thomas J. Leahy
Mary A. Stanton
Delia A. Cahill
Michael F. Brooks
Peter Roffers
Mrs. John F. Welsh
Anton F. Trapp
Charles H. Pilger
Frank A. Mitchell
May K. McCarthy
Peter W. Quinn
Mary E. O. Herron
Frank J. Schull
H. C. Hears
William J. Farrell
John J. McHugh
William A. Greene
Mary Connelly
Douglas A. Thurston
N. J. Klutsch
Hannah Fitzgerald
James C. Tewell
Lena Morschhaus
A. Naert
Jean Kelley
Katharina Forster
John James O'Connell
Dennis Berberich
Mary Kearney
Thomas M. Ryan
Catherine O'Dwyer Farrell
Annie G. McCarthy
James Reilly
Wilhelmina Halsch
Mrs. Joseph Henderson
Mary A. Beck
Mr. J. B. Kathe
Mary A. O'Reilly
Robert W. O'Reilly
Thomas J. Finnegan
Rose T. McKenna
M. Bernard Corrigan, Sr.
Margaret Archer
Mrs. H. E. Earl
Mr. F. J. Martens
Hon. Humphrey J. Lynch
Martin Lawless
James J. Hayes
Elta Earley
Mary M. Higgins
Joseph Coyne
Martin Fitzhenry
Patrick Gibbons
Margaret McCausland
William F. Sheehan
Catherine J. Brady
Ellen Fitzgerald
William F. Dooley
Barbara McElwee
Anna Collins
Catherine B. Moore
Hannah Woods
Lucinda Friez
Mary Loyola McGrath
Mrs. John F. Dervin
Ellen Purcell
Hannah O'Neill
Andrew J. Zimmerman, Jr.
James F. Walsh
J. Frederick Dempsey
Catherine Nicholson
John Nash
John Callery
Albert C. J. Perrier, M.D.
Thomas Shannon
Peter Morris
May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.



Help Us To Turn Waste and Expense Into Profit...You Can Cut Costs for Us

To us you are not customers . . . you are not merely subscribers—you are Friends. Because you are interested not only in what The Sign *is* but in what The Sign is trying to do.

The picture above tells a real story. Expense is expense. When expense means *costs* which are *necessary* everyone can understand. But when expense means *waste*—it is just that.

Every item—and there are others—listed above is really unnecessary expense. You control them. Won't you help us cut them?

DELAYED RENEWALS mean extra mailing. That's expensive. Acknowledge your expiration

notice. A note—even saying “No”—will save money.

UNREGISTERED CASH is easily “lost.” Lost to you and to us.

USE FORM ENVELOPES for returns. It saves you an envelope and time here for us.

UNFULFILLED PLEDGES. A pledge from you to subscribe is your word to us. Circumstances may prevent your keeping it. We understand. A note from you will save unnecessary mailing.

You can help us cut expense. And every bit of it saved means so much more toward what The Sign is trying to do. But it depends on You.

Every Penny Saved Is A Contribution



Arme Photo

Under these ruins—his daughter

From the debris of his ruined home the faint cry of his trapped girl comes to this frantic father. Too common in China now is the sight of parents searching for children and children for parents —after air raids.

While you pray for the speedy ending of the war, do not forget our missionaries and the thousands of refugees whom they are helping.

Send your offering to:

THE HUNAN RELIEF FUND

THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

